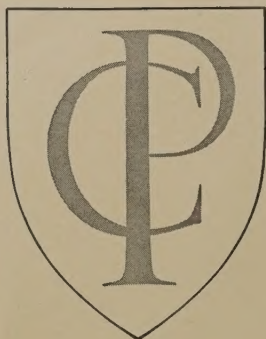


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AT HOME AND ABROAD

JANUARY 1937



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Snap Shots

By
Prof. Bradshaw

Left: Part of tomb of Yung Lo of the Ming dynasty—whose tombs are north of Peiping

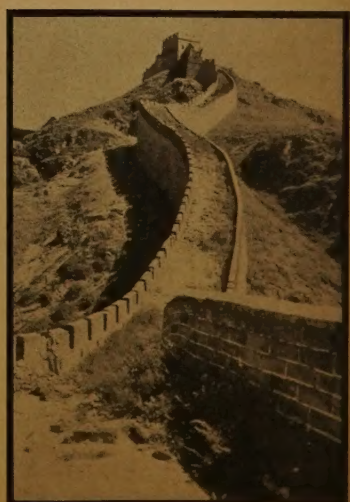
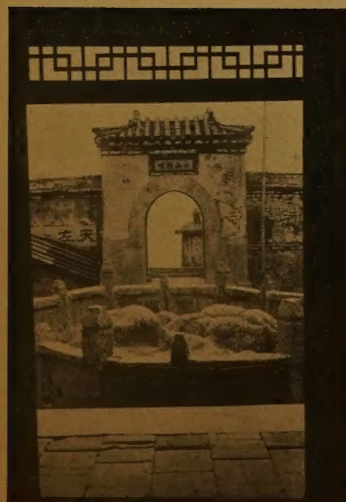
Right: Great North Dome at the Temple of Heaven, Peiping

Detail of white marble steps leading up to great high level stone floor, the holiest spot in Peiping

The stone at center of altar was long thought by Chinese to be the exact center of the world

Left: View of crown of Tai-shan, taken from Altar of Temple of the Jade Emperor

Right: A view of the Great Wall, from a spot singularly neglected by photographers



Symbols

By Marion John Bradshaw

UNDISCERNING sightseeing in the Orient soon breeds in the casual traveler an affliction known as temple-itis; and when it has developed, the great shrines seem mere gaudy, over-decorated buildings, stuffed too full of hideous gods.

Far too often the material expression of a worthy idea is, judged by our standards, an inartistic atrocity. The goddess of mercy, expressing her kindly care with a hundred very different hands, may inspire if left to the imagination; in concrete manifestation, the attachment of a hundred hands to one female body is necessarily crude and repellent.

There is, too, almost constant failure to realize that attention has its limits, and that when too much is presented nothing is apprehended.

Our canons, both of art and religion, seem to demand more severe restraint than the Oriental—or perhaps our religion is more closely allied to our art with its necessity of some selective emphasis.

The presence of so much of the hideous in Eastern temples is evidence that Oriental art has dealt more than ours with those aspects of nature which call forth the rebellious phrase "red in tooth and claw," or with harsh and dirty phases of reality.

But my year of free study and travel during an Asiatic pilgrimage made certain symbols of deity unforgettable, and the veritable riot of religious statues, the wild profusion of negligible art, threw some things into high relief.

THE JUMNA MASJID

One clear and memorable expression of the divine came to me on visiting the Jumna Masjid, most majestic of the temples of Indian Islam, facing the tremendous red walls of the Delhi Fort. The great pointed domes dominate the entire locality; the long approaching flights of steps lift the pilgrim above the bargaining of encroaching market-places; and at the top, before the portals of the great Mosque,

the faithful and the curious alike remove their shoes.

Inside is a huge marble pavement on which men kneel, some as if in facing Mecca they saw Allah and eternity. After the crowded corridors of Oriental temples, this high place, open to the clean sky, is a spiritual relief.

After slow appreciative wandering I walked across the great paving, up toward the great central dome which increasingly seemed, as I drew nearer, like the roof of the world itself. Straight up under the dome, right into the Holy of Holies of India's greatest mosque!

No great god of ivory and gold found I there. I found a Sounding Silence in a place of surpassing beauty done in pure marble. No need to tell me this was a sacred spot.

At the threshold, as if symbolizing Him whom no man hath seen at any time, there stands in spotless marble a Great White Throne. There is no carving on it; there is no figure in it. And only a great poet could express what that empty place can mean to one who has rebelled against the pagan temples crowded with hideous things.

And when the heterogeneity of life becomes too oppressive, its urges too strident, I try to think of a great white throne at the entrance of an empty place, wherein a sounding silence makes more intelligible and more bearable both the nothing and the all.

THE NARA BUDDHA

One can frequently discern not the faintest resemblance between what most statues of the sage and seer called the Buddha convey and those insights given him under the Bo tree.

But occasionally one finds a statue where the placid figure sitting on the lotus flower does show something of the spiritual glow of purity undefiled by the filth and mire in which it rises; and sometimes the passivity becomes compelling, making a statue worthy of representing the Enlightened One whose benign influence

accounts for so much of the best in the life of the East.

I can sympathize in part with those who register disappointment as they stand below the majestic, gigantic figure seated in the great temple at Nara and peer high up into the Buddha's face. It wears an expression I did not greatly like; the face is too massive and imperious, hardly wise enough.

But the *hands* make the statue worthy of the Light of Asia. The left seems to extend a gentle invitation, the right to sternly warn away. Before I left that place, the left hand extended, palm upturned, had become an instrument through which a spirit spoke.

"Come! Come all you who feel your spirits broken on the cruel wheel of fate. Come: all you to whom this world has denied the fulfillment of your deepest desires. Come: O all who walk life's weary way by ignorance disheartened, come to me!"

And the right hand, raised aloft, palm forward, fingers sharp and taut in challenging command, seems to say:

"Be still! Let now the clamant voices of this temporal world die down. Silence! Listen, and I will teach you the mystery of victory through the great renunciation; and you shall learn the secrets of the eightfold way of Truth."

Possibly experts do not know whether Christian influences had any part in shaping those expressive hands. But they were making history vocal. Through all the Eastern ages since Buddha's time, an often-broken line of noble lives have caught enough of his noble truths to justify the artist and the pilgrim in what we saw in his hands.

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF CHINA

There are many who maintain that there is no mystic strain in China's soul, that Chinese mentality is ethical and rational but never vitally religious.

It seemed to me that I saw deeply enough into the fascinating and mysterious life which lies behind the walls of China to be sure that such statements are wrong. And perhaps the place to feel them most certainly wrong is in the ancient holy land, up where one finds the marvelous temple to mark the birthplace of Confucius, the tomb where he lies, and the

neighboring sacred summit where he went on pilgrimage and where the mountain-top experience came to him.

For from that uplifted place he looked down on the kingdom whose affairs had been of such great concern, and as the ancient tablet puts it, saw how small was his world.

Taishan, oldest sacred mountain of the world! Here, a thousand years before Moses faced Jehovah on Sinai's side, an emperor of China made his pilgrimage up the already famous sacred way. And through all the added years a throng of worshippers has toiled or been carried to the temples in the clouds above.

The seven thousand stone steps, the miles of paved walk up to the Nantai, have been built and rebuilt in these subsequent centuries. The gates and temples beside the path represent all of China's faiths; here too are memorial tablets and scriptures carved on great boulders or mountain walls.

There comes at last an almost endless flight of steep stone steps up which one should not be carried if the South Gate of Heaven is to mean all it can! And when the gate is reached one sees through it, if not Paradise, the true acropolis of China, the holiest of Taoist shrines, the temple of the Jade Emperor.

Within the Crown of Taishan, a wall of hewn stone enclosing the highest upthrust of mountain rock, on an altar in the inner temple is a statue of the Jade Emperor, whose name also means Worthy Ruler, and I learned that in this world the supreme manifestation of high Heaven is the worthy ruler.

But I also learned that in the Kuen-Lun paradise which the scriptures quaintly say lies west of the sky, there is no temple whatever, for none is needed there.

I came down from that mountain summit sure that China is more than a land where bootless wars afflict the poor, rob the rich, and keep a mighty people in bitter humiliation. For above the noisy market-places there is a sacred spot to which the Chinese go, where many since Confucius have seen how small is our world.

I came down feeling that I had caught the mystic strain in China's soul. Both the temple built by hands and the one that is not needed in the Western Paradise became for me China's symbol of the Divine. The one who is to bring

glad tidings to Zion, or sound a gospel of hope to an oppressed people has need of going up to a high mountain!

THE CROSS AT MIDNIGHT

Above the vast complex of efforts at human helpfulness and divine obedience which we call the Christian Mission there is a cross, sometimes visible, sometimes spiritually discerned: another abiding symbol of a present and transcending God. I saw it often.

I saw the cross on the memorial stones recording the sadly early age at which men died when they tried to labor on through summer heat on Bengal plains. I saw it in the patient technical skills which alleviated pain, banished plagues, and doubled the food supply for hungry millions.

It was in the untiring dynamos of friendly devotion, and in discerning leaders competent to advise statesmen, and wise enough to lay the foundations of an abiding city. Never has it been truer symbol of refuge and peace than on one of China's blackest nights.

Through a misunderstanding, there was no one to meet me when, on my first night travel in China I arrived, quite alone, and knowing no syllable of Chinese except two words for God, at a small inland city, five minutes past midnight.

The station was lighted only by a couple of flickering torches; the three or four porters seemed ready to annihilate each other for the chance to take me somewhere—if I only knew where to go! Sleeping on the station platform or in the waiting room, repeated often enough later, was hardly possible with my sleeping bag waiting in storage at the next port.

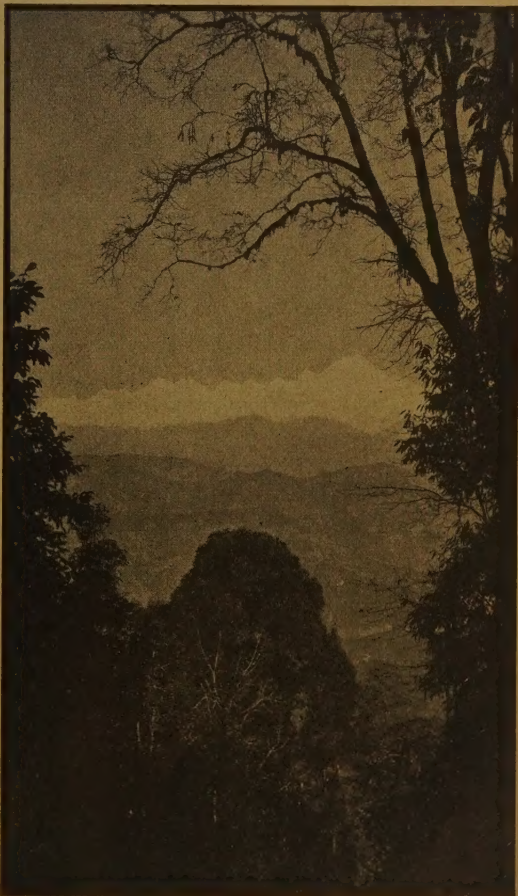
At last I surrendered more than half my baggage to the most persistent porter and with a feeling of risk, bandits having been reported as active near the city, I followed him down the unlighted streets, just able to see him by his coat, which seemed two degrees less black than enveloping midnight. By looking straight up I could sense something just fainter than jet black.

Above the sound of our shoes on cobble stones, ominous in the all-too-silent night, I felt or heard a heart responding to the strain. Sudden beams of light shot at us from either

side. Chinese conversation followed and I wondered why it needed to be so long, and why it ranged over such an extended tonal scale.

Then the flash lights went out and as I followed again it was with the hope that they were in policemen's hands and that officers of law and order knew that a foreigner was abroad that night.

In another five minutes it grew so black I could no longer see the man ahead. Following his grunts, with cautious forward slide at every step, I became certain we were at a gate in the city wall and going out into the country. The cobblestone street gave way to a dirt road, rutted deeply enough so that I could walk with confident step. Sounds which seemed encouraging came back from the man ahead.



*The Himalayas from Darjeeling, India.
The Kanchenjunga Range*

Suddenly there was the quick shuffling of something close at my left, and while heart and knees did things not especially creditable, there came the loud barking of dogs almost at my side; I believe all the sounds had come from dogs whose rest had been disturbed.

Eventually the man in front called; he turned left, pounded on something many times, but in vain. I followed now with a question as to whether my guide knew where he was taking me, and what I would do with my cane-sword in case of attack.

Finally the porter turned left again and pounded, and called, and pounded; I could almost see that we were at a gate. And as I raised an anxious exploring eye into the darkness, it seemed that there, dimly discernible against the black sky, I could faintly see a cross above the gate.

To this day I do not know whether there really *is* a cross above that entrance gate. But I saw one there, and in an instant anxiety was gone. Soon there was a call within; two windows glowed with light; and I was at a mission station, safe.

There are many symbols not altogether unworthy of the reality which we experience in religion. One of them is an ancient altar where you may learn of the altarless paradise west of the sky. One of them is a Great White Throne.

And freedom from fear, an almost unbearable sense of safety, a rush of tender gratitude, may follow the sight of a black cross against a midnight sky.



*"My Garden" at Shojo Sho, Koyasan, Japan.
For the deep quiet of this ancient place more
than one Japanese Emperor gave up the pomp
and power of public office to be here "as one
under orders"*

Win Thou the World for Christ

By Francis Van Horn

Win thou the world for Christ;
Count not the sacrifice;

Give all thy soul.

Go thou to every land;
Stretch forth thy helping hand;
Firm thou for Jesus stand;
Make nations whole.

Behold! the wand'ring sheep;
O'er them a watch to keep;
Bring them to Christ.

Flocks need a shepherd's care;
For Jesus rise and dare
His Shepherd's work to share
By sacrifice.

God wills the world be won
To Christ, the holy Son
By His great love.
Win thou an honored place
Where angels sing God's grace
And saints behold His face
In Heaven above.

The Impact of Christ on Other Faiths

B. C. Burnell Olds

THOUGH the Christians connected with our churches are a mere handful, I yet believe there are more than a million men and women in Japan who are ordering their lives daily by the New Testament."

That was said more than a quarter of a century ago by one of our Kumiai pastors. How much more true would such a statement be today! And if the influence of the Christian ideal upon the population generally has been pervasive, we cannot but believe that the impact of Christ on the religions of Japan has been far-reaching.

Take Buddhism, for instance. Not that Buddhism has ever been completely devoid of that essential love-principle of Christ that made Christianity. Rather, it may be contended that the real secret of its power lay not in its philosophy of determinism and despair, nor in its humanistic emphasis upon the seeking of enlightenment for oneself through the following of the Noble Eightfold Path that took one into the doubtful blessedness of Nirvana that was a denial of all essential human values.

It lay rather in the practical ethical motive with which the Buddha sent his followers forth on their great mission to the world: "For as a mother at the risk of her life watches over her child, her only child, so let everyone cultivate a boundless (loving) mind toward all beings."

Was it not that pristine emphasis on love that gave to Buddhism, as it gave to Christianity, its great initial impulse? Yet not many centuries had passed before that motive had become buried deep under the rubbish of speculation that served only to plunge its victims into greater depths of despair and corruption.

It was the same in the ninth century, the era of Kobo Daishi; for though he succeeded in a measure in restoring the humanitarian impetus, it was not long before Buddhism was again unspeakably corrupt, and so remained until modern times.

And then came Christianity's chance, a chance

that was largely thrown away by the Catholics because of their efforts to develop, first of all, loyalty to an institution that was alien and that perhaps merited the suspicion of harboring an ulterior motive, instead of inculcating, first of all, loyalty to Christ and the love-spirit He stood for.

Not that the Protestants made no mistakes when they came. Yet in spite of some undue stressing of creeds and denominational loyalties, the gospel they preached had at its heart the principle of love that made all men brothers under a common Father.

As a result of the impact of that gospel upon Buddhism during the last seventy-five years we are able to see in Japan today, not only a populace pervaded by Christian idealism, but a Buddhism that has come to life again and that is in the way, at least, of becoming transformed.

Already the temper of the leaders of Buddhism is such as to make the Buddhism which they preach hardly recognizable as the Buddhism that was current in Japan when the first Protestant missionaries went there three quarters of a century ago. It is still corrupt, unspeakably so in some areas, but not hopelessly so. It is on the march.

Not yet very clear in its thinking, not very coherent, Buddhism is no longer taught as a mere device by which the lazy devotee may be able to escape out of the world of reality into the Nirvana of unconcern for the world and its needs. Rather, it is stressing social activity; in this respect it is already pushing the Christians hard.

It is emphasizing religious education also, organizing Sunday schools and through them inoculating its children with the ideals of service upon which we insist.

The Buddhist church is thrusting out her young men also, to labor for the highest welfare of other young men through its Y.M.B.A.'s; and at the same time is lining up her women for crusades against all forms of vice and evil, and inspiring her entire constituency to study

conditions and means for the reconstruction of the social order.

Much of this social activity is undoubtedly superficial, merely imitative, opportunistic. Forced by keen Christian competition Buddhist organizations have had to adopt and adapt or perish.

Much of it may be due to a genuine revival of the foundation ideals of their own great master's teaching; more may have come about as a revitalization of the Amida doctrine of Mahayana Buddhism, one of the most powerful expressions of the love motive to be found in any religion outside of Christianity.

But more and more we see that it is Christ's influence upon the leaders that counts for most. They have been studying Him deeply, almost unconsciously drinking in His spirit, although they have not yet become willing to espouse the Christian system. The gospel of Christ is galvanizing into new life all in other faiths that is worthy of perpetuation.

The *manner* in which this great ideal is being mediated to them is primarily through the lives of men who incarnate Christ's spirit. The wrangling over creed and dogma, the ecclesiastical bigotry that has led men to war, has given them pause, but they have never been able to resist the appeal of a man who was, through and through, the incarnation of the love of God: a Joseph Neesima, a Juji Ishii, a Toyohiko Kagawa.



A Buddhist Service in Japan

That gives the Christian courage to go on and exemplify in himself the power of the all-conquering love. He must proclaim Christ and declare to men of other religions that it is Christ alone who can fulfill their fondest dreams; but he must proclaim Him more through what he is and does than what he says.

He must be ready to see the good also in those other religions; coöperate with them, establish relations with them, that through his genuine friendship with their leaders, the Christ that is within *him* may get full chance with *them*.

Our missionary work in the future must perhaps be less church-centered, certainly less denomination-centered: it must be more genuinely love-centered, Christ-centered.

Criticizing Missions

By Howell D. Davies

CRITICISM of Missions is nothing new. It is naïve to suppose that all went swimmingly until the Laymen's Inquiry was launched. The East India Company refused passage to missionaries and stigmatized Missions as the most fantastic and lunatic idea that ever entered the human mind. Ridicule was common.

"Here you propose to export religion, whereas there is none to spare at home," said a Massachusetts legislator. His attitude was typical.

A list of objections a century back is identical

with what is heard today: that we have so many needs at home; that we shouldn't interfere with the religions of others; that their own religion is best suited to them; that Missions are paternalistic and pauperizing; that foreign peoples should help themselves; that we shouldn't meddle and disturb those already contented; that they don't want us anyway; that missionaries cause trouble; that they destroy native culture; that they are all agents of American imperialism, etc.

CLASSIFY THE CRITICISMS

(1) *Those hostile to Christianity itself.* People who see no value in the gospel will see

no value in Missions. Such a play as "Rain" and such articles as those in the *American Mercury* ridiculing Missions in the South Seas are only caricatures like that of Jack London, who pictures a missionary in a Prince Albert and stove-pipe hat preaching the creation of the world in six literal days, to near-nudist natives who are skeptical because *they* could not make even a canoe in less than two weeks.

Over against all such we can put the judgment of first-hand, able observers.

"I suppose," said R. L. Stevenson, "I am in the position of many persons. I had conceived a great prejudice against Missions in the South Seas. I had no sooner come there than that prejudice was reduced, and then at last annihilated."

"A man that took one fairly by storm for the most attractive, brave, and interesting man in the whole Pacific," he said of James Chalmers of New Guinea.

"I certainly should have predicted," said Darwin after seeing the work among the Indians of Tierra del Fuego, "that not all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done."

Ex-President Taft could not praise too highly the missionary work he observed in the Philippines when he was governor.

"I have observed the results of their labors," wrote the author and traveler, Alexander Powell, "in every great field of evangelistic endeavor, and it angers me to hear missionaries and their work condemned."

"In my judgment the Christian missions have done more lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined," stated the Governor of Bengal.

"After thirty thousand miles of travel and something like three hundred interviews," wrote the newspaper correspondent, Charles A. Selden, "my prejudices gave way to great respect for the missionaries and their work."

"I believe that every dollar invested in foreign missions has produced greater returns than any dollar invested in any human enterprise," said William Boyd, Advertising Manager, Curtis Publishing Company.

(2) *Those of ardent nationalists* like Gandhi who object to proselyting. Should courtesy keep us from offering the Gospel, therefore, in India?

No, for it can be offered without objectionable proselyting. Moreover, the Gospel is not one culture displacing another and it belongs no more to America, England, or France than to India itself.

The Gospel has no less right of way than science, commerce or education. It can only help India's nationalism in the higher sense. It is doubtful if many if any Hindus regard their religion as for others.

(3) *Those ignorant of the whole idea.* All objections based on misconceptions are invalid. On any such theory all life would stop, for there is nothing against which objections based on ignorance are not directed. Both Democrats and Republicans will tell you this. Prejudice being the thing that begins where your information leaves off, no enterprise should halt for just that.

Presumably it is those who take the Gospel and those who receive it who are most competent to judge of it. None apparently are dissatisfied with the article sold them and want to return it. Rather they recommend it to their friends as something superior to what they have had before.

The Japanese list six points of superiority of Christianity to Buddhism. God, as personal. God seeking men. The sense of personality. Practical, convenient Scriptures. A superlative ethical sense. Social justice and service.

(4) The criticisms of those who judge everything by a *single unfortunate detail*, such as an ignorant or tactless missionary, an unwise local policy, a bungled program, a wasted dollar. Judged by this standard, "Who or what, O Lord, anywhere, shall stand?"

One poor farmer is not sufficient to condemn agriculture, a poor preacher the ministry, a fake mining scheme the whole mining enterprise, a student flunk all education, nor a quack doctor the whole medical profession.

(5) *The laissez-faire objections of those who want things left alone*—all forces and factors, to work out themselves. But *laissez-faire* never built a school, founded a hospital, or developed a lighting plant and water system at a conference camp. The consistent *laissez-faire* critic will recognize Christianity as a force with the same rights as any other force.

[Continued on page 12]

An Air Conditioned Retrospect

Part I.

I AM speeding over the rails on a Great Northern air conditioned train—the Empire Builder. The name, together with the comforts within and certain contrasts outside my comfortable car, induce sober retrospect.

I had never given it much thought until today, but as a boy I suppose that I was something of a western pioneer. My family moved from Connecticut to St. Paul, Minnesota, before there was any railroad west of the Twin Cities.

I can remember watching “covered wagons” and “prairie schooners,” followed by long lines of flocks, herds and people afoot and on horseback, wending their weary way up Wabasha Street very much as Abraham must have gone out of Ur of the Chaldees.

Now two other railroads parallel the Great Northern, traversing the hundreds of miles lying between St. Paul and the Pacific Coast.

I never tire of looking out from car windows, and now, gazing upon the speeding landscape, I notice all sorts of changes time has wrought upon even the face of the land. For I can remember this country when it was a comparative wilderness and when its life was essentially pioneer.

DID THE PIONEERS PLAY FAIR?

Just now torrid heat and awful drought prevail in a dozen western states and, like other people, I find myself speculating as to possible causes. I can but wonder if the early settlers may not have had something to do with it. Did they play fair with this wonderful region?

Doubtless most of them, like Abraham, did come west looking “for the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God” for they were an inherently religious people. But did they use aright the lands they cleared and farmed, accepting them as a marvelous gift and heritage?

I lived in the days of “homesteading” when

*First of three articles growing out of recent observations based upon a life-long study of rural life in America.

A New Home Missions*

By Malcolm Dana

elemental land-hunger had no difficulty in finding “free lands.” It was an era of the speculator, the exploiter and the “land shark,” who lured people hither by means of every specious claim and false promise and for revenue only.

And the government apparently aided and abetted them! Its land policies “permitted a rural civilization to grow up virtually without social plan and purpose,” and one “characterized by a haphazard and community-less manner of living.”

Our government has never been a true guardian of the soil! Matchless prairies were everywhere plowed under, destroying native sods and grasses which can never be restored.

This country had fattened buffaloes, wild horses and cattle and innumerable game for generations, making it a happy hunting ground for its original owners—the Indians. But red men, buffaloes and soils were ruthlessly slaughtered; and for material ends.

All land was for the sowing of crops with little or no thought taken for suiting them to particular regions or soils. Farming itself was for “first values” with no felt obligations to put back into the ground what was taken out of it.

The ordinary custom was for a settler to acquire some land, use it up, and then move on to repeat the process again and again. Gazing out of my car window, I am forced to look upon a depleted as well as a parched and arid countryside, and I cannot but wonder if we are not now reaping just what we sowed.

For only the other day an eminent soil conservationist said in my hearing that “The worst crimes which America has committed have been crimes against the soil.”

And another scientist has affirmed that misuses of land are to blame for the “dust bowls” in Texas, and that they also account for the “dust storms” in the other states which have blown the finest surface soils the world has

ever known from off the very face of the continent.

Many are doubting a kindly Providence just now because of a seemingly wrong treatment of the farmer. Are "fat crops" supplied entirely out of hand, as the old Hebrew thought; or are they conditioned by man's use of inexorable laws of land—which even the Creator himself cannot set aside?

I wonder if there is not a Gospel of the Soil waiting to be discovered, preached and practiced in rural America!

THE PEOPLE

So much for an initial retrospect, but people fascinate me even more than the soil! I am interested to watch the villagers who gather at the railroad stations "to see the Empire Builder go through," and it pleases me even more to behold picturesque cowboys galloping over the open country, astride their wiry pintos or "bronses."

But I must confess that the sight of the farmer humbles me as I see him working his lands in a blazing atmosphere and under a pitiless sun. He makes me feel almost ashamed of my present luxury and ease. The very contrast, however, sets me to thinking over the way he has come.

A large number of the farmers seen from the train doubtless came to this western country from other lands. But the earliest settlers were mostly from New England, where I was born. Their history and development are worth pondering, from that day to this.

The story of the world farmer must note his development from the hoe-farmer, or primitive muscular type, to the modern machine farmer, or cerebral type.

One performed the farm task of "the lift and the carry" by means of the contractile human muscle, or "human engine"; while the other has transferred most of the burden of that work to all sorts of farm machinery. "Between these two types lies the mass of the land workers in the United States."

But it is the truly American farmer who intrigues me most! His development reveals a number of different types, each of them being a product of successive epochs in the settlement of rural America.

I cannot, of course, recall associations with the earliest type—the *Pioneer Farmer*, for he lived on the Atlantic Coast long before my own ancestors landed upon the shores of Massachusetts.

But history and biography are filled with descriptions of the earliest pioneers who pushed out from coast settlements into the unbroken forests, and of later ones who led the van of every advancing frontier.

The arduous task of felling the forests, subduing the soil and fighting the Indians made the pioneer the hyper-individualist of history. He also became a "traditional farmer," who was "set in his own way of doing things," which ways he handed down to be imitated by his children. This type of farmer always finds it hard to realize that "beyond and above individualism there is something higher—mutualism."

After the pioneer came the *Householder* or *Land Farmer*! He was busy making the new West, when I came to it as a boy and my memory can recall him.

This farmer no longer lived alone, but first with neighbors in a clearing and later upon his own farm. The family became his unit of interest and value instead of the individual and, with him, there came into existence "the finest family the world has ever seen"—the American farm family.

This farm family has made the greatest biological, sociological, moral and spiritual contributions to the total life of the nation. And with it originated the family-farm, which also persists as characteristic of America.

A third type of farmer is the *Speculator* and *Exploiter*; a product of the increasingly materialistic age. Dollars and cents are his passion, and he is absorbed by land prices rather than real land values, together with "the unearned increment."

He is dominated by the get-rich-quick and get-something-for-nothing philosophy of life and seldom thinks of his farm as a home, but boasts of his lands as worth so many dollars an acre.

He stands for the era of "breaking of home ties," of "abnormal drifts to the cities," of "abandoned churches" and of "loss of neighborhood." A farm which has supported one

family comfortably is made to support two, while absentee landlord and farm tenant consider it a mutual necessity to rob and ruin the land.

Speculation and exploitation invariably spoil both the farmer and the soil; and this type of farmer can be blamed for much of the misery evident upon farms seen from my car window.

A NEW FARMER IN THE MAKING

Such retrospect as we are indulging, may seem quite gloomy but there is a rift in the clouds! A fourth type of farmer is even now in the making. He is the *Husbandman*, whom someone describes as a farmer who is "married to the land."

He treats the soil with much of the consideration and affection shown toward his own wife and family, for his unit of interest and value is land itself and after that, the whole farmer class that works thereon.

The husbandman comes to believe that while

he may hold a legal title to his farm, he does not really own it for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and all land is "holy earth." Farming, to the husbandman, is also a stewardship, with an accounting to be made. And God will not hold him guiltless who useth his land in vain.

To "mine" the earth, or to "run out" the soil, or to leave a farm in worse condition than when it was acquired, is just as much sin as to break any or all of the commands of the Decalogue. For the husbandman feels himself bound to think of generations yet unborn who must live on the land after he has done with it.

Farming is a co-partnership, and even a co-creatorship with God, in their behalf. It is also a partnership between man and the soil, to the end of making the earth yield her full increase for the equitable good of all. Duty demands a "putting of all parties concerned into the picture." Verily, the husbandman is beginning to discover and practice a Gospel of the Soil!

Criticizing Missions [Continued from page 9]

(6) The cross-fire based on *the idea that we have only a social gospel to offer* and that nearly every effort is of a political scheming sort, gate-crashing and imperialistic, the work of reactionary, self-centered or even villainous denominational Boards.

The answer is that the motive and movement of missions are love and friendship, however inadequate be the channels through which it flows. The earthen vessel is only too apparent but in it is the treasure of divine redemption.

(7) The criticisms of *uninformed and selfish church people*. Education, persistent and kindly, can help the former and more Christian grace the latter. The trouble is to connect information and love with these parties. All that can be said for the Gospel itself can be said for missions, and shall it not be said?

There is a sufficient answer to every criticism honestly and sincerely proffered. But better than all answering of objections is an infusion of Christlike love. Our great need is to make more church members into Christians.

(8) The criticisms of *sincere friends of the*

cause. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." All constructive criticism, as that of the Laymen's Inquiry Commission, can do only good. The cause most to be pitied is the one that has lost the capacity to criticize itself.

The church of the 16th century was saved by the self-criticism of Protestantism. And this goes for missions too. The verdict was: "The mission must go on and there is enough in its program to bankrupt Christendom if we try to do all that is calling to be done."

In brief, most negative criticisms of missions are at bottom rationalizations of prejudice, ignorance and selfishness. Missions welcomes investigation, knowing this means vindication and interest. Worse than to be criticized is to be ignored, and most of all to be ignored by church people.

But it may be safely said that missions cannot and will not be ignored by those who know the God who is the God of all the earth and not the God of a tribe, whether it be a family tribe, a community tribe or a national tribe.

Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing



LEARNING THE LAY OF THE LIBRARY

Little girl students at Tirumangalam School where 50 per cent of the pupils are from Robber or Kallar Caste, says Rev. Raymond A. Dudley of India.

AFTER 20 MILES OF COBBLESTONE ROADS

this group, representing the American Board and Methodist Board, can still smile. They have been inspecting the Lichwan project. (Center) in striped dress and cheery smile, our Dr. Clara Sargent Shepherd.



THREE P'S

Physician, Professor and Pastor in China.



"STEADY, STRAIGHT-FORWARD"

Dr. Ho of Tehsien Hospital, promising young physician.



"SUNNY, WARM-HEARTED"

Dr. Francis Chen, professor of sociology at Fukien Christian University, specializing now in rural reconstruction in nearby villages.



"CHEERFUL LEADER"

in country church work, young rural pastor from Diongloh area takes a course in Foochow Union High School and does his share in agronomy project.

THE SINEWS OF PEACE

These Christian young men and women represented Jefferson Academy and Goodrich Girls' School, both of Tunghsien, Hopei, China, at a retreat and this past year, reports Miss Alice M. Huggins, have been the leaders in Christian activities in church and school.



YOUR MONEY AT WORK

relieving human suffering through the hands of skilled doctors and nurses in Tunghsien Hospital, Tunghsien, China. Dr. Chang is operating and opposite him, bending over the patient, is Dr. Hugh L. Robinson, head of the hospital. United for Christian service which recognizes no racial boundaries.

SIX CHRISTIAN LEADERS IN INDIA

Recent graduating class at United Theological College, Bangalore, India. "Students' political views can to an extent be determined by their dress," is the interesting comment of Professor Max Hunter Harrison, "the young man without a coat, toward the right, is an ardent Nationalist from Hyderabad State where one of the most extensive mass movements in India is taking place."



New Year's Day in Manchukuo

By Fumiko Endo*

I REMEMBER when we were little children New Year's Day gave us the greatest pleasure. When New Year's Day was expected soon we used to ask our mother or sister "How many more nights must we sleep before New Year's Day?"

As the European children look forward to Christmas we Japanese children look forward to our *O-sho-gatsu*. Of course Christmas is a great joy for us now also; but *O-sho-gatsu* has a different kind of pleasure because of its old customs and plays.

Now I want to tell you how the New Year's Ceremony is observed over in the homes of Manchukuo, our brother country. In South Manchuria they have no pines at the gate (*kadomatsu*) or new rope over the doorways (*shime-nawa*) as we have, but in North Manchuria they do put a little pine or fir tree over their gates also.

Instead of the tree, however, they often stick two pieces of red paper called *chun-ren* on their gate doors. Generally we can find some auspicious words or verses written on these papers.

As China has been noted for its wealth of letters, those verses are all very excellent and very beautiful. It is very interesting to pass through the Chinese streets looking at and reading these.

Among the various kinds of interesting ceremonies that are held to greet the New Year the Hearth Festival (*Kamado Matsuri*) is the most famous. It is believed by the Manchurian people that the spirit of the hearth takes charge of the fortunes of the families and knows

all of their good and evil deeds. He goes up to Heaven on the 23d of December to repeat their behaviour to God. Consequently, whether they are to be fortunate or not during the next year depends on his report. So the people pray to this spirit of the hearth saying "Pray, dear spirit, tell much of good and little of evil to God."

At twelve o'clock on New Year's Eve the protecting god of the family descends from Heaven again. The head of the family, generally the father or grandfather of the house, takes charge of the service. He changes his garments and burns incense and lights the large red candles and decorates the table with offerings for the returning spirit.

After this they lock the house-door and all go out to shoot fire-crackers before the door. These are burned for the purpose of driving away all the devils and all illness from that home. This is a very important part of the ceremony, and the noisy shooting of such fire-crackers continues all night without stopping until New Year's morning. Of course no one can sleep much on that night. I suppose even the King of Devils when he is attacked by such terrible shooting of those red crackers must run away in terror!

There are two kinds of fire-crackers. One is big and complete in itself—the other kind is like a long belt, made up of hundreds of small crackers. No sooner is one end of this belt ignited than in an instant the hundreds of small fire-crackers explode one after another. As we hear these from a distance the sound is like shooting practice of rifles. People who live in far-off, lonely villages sometimes take this shooting and noise of the naughty little red fire-crackers for gun reports of the bandits, and are

frightened. During the time when bandits were raiding such villages frequently the Japanese soldiers asked the people not to fire off fire-crackers as that noise might be mistaken for attacks. But I do like to hear those fire-crackers going off on a cold New Year's Eve!

After all that bustle and confusion has subsided then comes a quiet New Year's morning. The New Year's ceremony then is observed, with little differences, according to the wealth or profession of the family; but it is usually celebrated in this fashion: First the whole family gets together to worship and bow to the Gods of Heaven and Earth; secondly they have a service in memory of their ancestors. After they finish this service people go out to exchange New Year's greetings.

During the three days of the New Year's Holidays they eat buns which have been prepared beforehand, sometimes on New Year's Eve. Some of these buns contain meat but most contain vegetables. A queer custom is that they put coins or jewels into one of those buns and the fortunate person who finds them will be the owner of good luck during that New Year.

As we compare our Japanese New Year Ceremony with those of the Manchurians we find much difference between them just as these two countries themselves are different, but I think the spirit of the day is the same. For example their worshipping of the Gods and their respected ancestors, and their uneasiness or nervousness in clinging to old superstitions.

They are a nation that has deep affections and reverence and piety in their minds and respect toward their ancestors. They are a very polite people and very faithful observers of their old customs.

*A Junior College Japanese student gave this in an English Oratorical Contest at Kobe College, Japan. She had lived much of her life in Mukden where her father was a prominent physician.

At Ellis Island

By Jennie L. Pratt

Two boys, ages six and twelve, arrived from India to go to school in the West. The older boy was an uncle to the younger one. These boys could not speak a word of English. John, the oldest, made me understand he was a Christian and that his older brother, the father of the six year old boy, was a Christian worker in India. These children will be here in the United States until they finish their education. While waiting for an answer from Washington, D. C., as to whether they could remain in the United States the boys came to school each day. They stayed out in the playground whenever the weather permitted. John helped me to see that his nephew faithfully took a nap each day. He was very anxious to learn how to read in English. He made two string belts. Word finally came to admit them on bond and Christian friends in American posted it for them. We gave them warm, new clothing in which to continue their trip West.

* * *

George, age thirteen, arrived

from Panama and was disappointed when his mother did not meet him at the ship. We phoned and found that she could not come then as she was a cook in a boarding house and had only one night a week off. George felt better when told we had talked with his mother and that she would try to help him. His father died when he was a baby and his mother came to the States six years ago. He lived with his grandmother until she died last year. Then friends boarded him and brought him with them when they came to the United States. He must wait here until a visa is secured for him. He is busy reading and working. Since he has been here we have supplied him with seven story books. I bought him a table tennis game. He plays this game at night with some of our Englishmen.

* * *

These past two months I have had over thirty-five Chinese boys and men in our English class. They play games for one hour in the morning and afternoon on our

porch. Volley ball is the most popular game with these people. Most every day I have done some shopping for these men. One boy named Chin Yu saved his suit and shoes from getting worn or soiled and when the time came for him to be admitted his clothing would not fit. His father could not believe that four months make such a difference in a boy. To begin with the suit was one size too small. One Englishman said, "When he came in here that suit was skin tight." Finally I had to purchase clothing for him or he would have had to go out in a pajama suit he had made while detained.

One day I came into the room with my hat on to ask number one man, the leader, what kind of candy he would like to have me buy. All the Chinese men started to laugh and pointed to my hat.

"You buy hat in New York?"

I said, "Yes, why?"

"Please that coolie hat, why wear you? You no coolie but American."

[Continued on page 18]



Mrs. Jennie Pratt conducting class in hygiene at the Ellis Island kindergarten

Two Zulu Language Pioneers*

By Clement M. Doke

JAMES C. BRYANT, pastor of a church in Littleton, Massachusetts, in 1840, felt the call to the mission field and, despite frail health, sailed from Boston with his wife for Port Natal, South Africa, on April 15, 1846.

He so far succeeded in mastering the language in about ten weeks after his arrival that he was able to deliver a sermon quite intelligible to the natives.

"As a linguist he excelled," wrote his colleague Lewis Grout. "From the first of his access to the Zulu language he gave himself to the acquisition of it with the zeal of a martyr. He prepared an elementary arithmetic in Zulu and a religious tract. He also wrote several hymns, with several articles for a monthly paper and translated a fourth part of the Psalms besides criticizing the portions assigned to others. He had begun a translation of the Acts of the Apostles when his wasting strength failed." Bryant died in December, 1850.

His ideas on the Zulu language were put on paper and this valuable contribution, for its size one of the most accurate and concise accounts of Zulu ever given, was published in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* in 1849 (Vol. I: pp. 383-396).

Bryant arranged the noun in twelve classes, "the class of each noun being determined by its prefix," singular separated from plural. He doubtless derived much from Boyce's previous work in Xhosa

(1834 and 1844) but he showed more of the philological acumen of Appleyard (who published his Xhosa grammar in 1850). In word division he followed the disjunctive method in vogue, and strongly recommended comparative study to aid grammatical knowledge. Within its limits his work has never been excelled.

Lewis Grout became known as "the scholar of the Mission." Reaching Cape Town in December, 1846, he and his wife labored fifteen years in Umzunduze, where Grout developed the Mission Press.

It is strange that, just a few days after Bryant wrote his pamphlet, Lewis Grout completed a paper entitled "The Zulu and Other Dialects of Southern Africa." This too was published in 1849 in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* (Vol. I: pp. 397-433).

Grout mentions a manuscript grammar by Dr. Adams of the American Board Mission and the works of Boyce and Casalis (*Études sur la langue Sechuana*, 1841), as well as his indebtedness to his colleagues and to Bishop Schreuder, author of the first published (1850) Zulu grammar, *Grammatik for Zulu-sproget*.

He observes the same order of noun classes as Bryant, very similar to that employed by Schreuder; developed a declension system for pronouns; used the term "case" as did Bryant (declension and case are terms not properly applicable to Bantu languages); and worked out quite an extensive paradigm of the verb. Like Bryant, Grout wrote *gi* initially instead of *ngi*, correcting this in 1859.

The second portion, eleven pages, of this pamphlet, entitled "Classifi-

cation of Dialects of Southern Africa"—"the most authentic and recent information which I have been able to obtain, here and in Cape Colony"—evidently summarizes the published and unpublished results of comparative Bantu study as far as it had gone in his day. The summary is accurate and well made.

Much of what Grout published in this pamphlet is to be found in Appleyard's *The Kafir Language*, published a year later. Grout's classification of 1848 is remarkably similar to that of Appleyard published in 1850.

In each is the same division of the South African languages into the "click class" and "the alliterative class"; the latter again is divided into four sections, the Zulu or Kafir, the Sechuana, the Damara, and the Congo. (It might be observed that Boyce's introduction to Archbell's *A Grammar of the Bechuana Language*, of 1837 introduced many similar points.) Further, both Grout and Appleyard range Zulu, Kafir and Fingo as cognate languages of one group.

But while Appleyard mentions "a few elementary books" published by the American missionaries, he does not mention Grout. From this I am forced to conclude that Appleyard had himself published something along these lines earlier than 1848, from which Grout, who had only reached Africa at the end of 1846, by which time Appleyard had been some six years at work among the Xhosa, had drawn his information.

Yet in some eighteen months Grout had attained a grip of Bantu which was remarkable enough, even allowing for this earlier source.

On October 14, 1852, Lewis

*This article by the head of the Bantu Studies Department of Witwatersrand University is a by-product of his detailed study of the history of linguistic work done in the Southern Bantu languages. Coming upon the small documents of Bryant's work, he was amazed by its quality. Professor Doke's footnotes have been incorporated into the main text, and the article has been somewhat abridged.

Grout read before the American Oriental Society in New York a paper entitled "An Essay on the Phonology and Orthography of the Zulu and Kindred Dialects in South Africa," which was published in the *Journal of the Society* the next year (1853, Vol. III, No. 2, pp. 421-472).

It was an analysis of Zulu sounds, with proposals for improvement in their representation in writing. He served on a Committee on Uniform Orthography set up by the American Board Zulu Mission. His tendency toward the prolix began to show itself in this essay; his treatment of non-essential detail was marked, while several most important essentials, such as the aspiration of explosives and clicks, were entirely unobserved.

Naturally Grout had not the phonetic equipment possible to the modern student of languages, and what he did observe is deserving of no small praise.

While the Committee generally supported Grout's proposals, they added certain criticisms to his article. He had stated that "we must hold that every fundamental sound in a language should have its own appropriate representative." His exposition of 91 "fundamental sounds" in Zulu—10 vowels, 4 diphthongs, 28 consonants and gut-

turals, 12 clicks, 37 consonantal combinations—made his thesis unacceptable. He proposed special signs to take the place of *hl* and *dl*, phonetic symbols for the velar nasal and for *sh*, modified symbols for *j*, *ts*, *h*, *r* and *kl*, modifications of the basic *c*, *q*, and *x* by diacritic marks for the voiced and nasal clicks.

In 1859, subsequent to Appleyard's Xhosa work and contemporary with Colenso's more modest Zulu grammar, Lewis Grout published *The Isizulu: A Grammar of the Zulu Language*. Printed at Umzunduzi, it was most creditable to the Mission printing press. He boldly stood for the Lepsius "Standard Alphabet" which the Mission had adopted, but which entailed the introduction into the Zulu alphabet of ten new symbols.

His grammar was a learned piece of work. He delved into many of the deep things of Zulu. The meticulous way in which he worked out the verb led him however in some instances to include hypothetical tenses which are not found in Zulu; his desire for tabulation led in some instances to a wresting of the real import of forms; and his development of declensions was certainly not Bantu—though he has been by no means alone in this.

One of the very valuable parts

of his work is the great collection of idiomatic sentences used in illustration of the various grammatical phenomena. There is no doubt whatever that Grout had a wonderful grammatical grip of Zulu.

His method of presenting the facts was too imposing to commend his grammar to the ordinary worker in Zulu, yet a second edition was called for and appeared in 1893, long after Grout had retired to America.

Bryant and Grout are not the only names in Zulu literary development connected with the American Board. J. L. Dohne, the author of the *Zulu-Kafir Dictionary* of 1857, had joined from a German Society and participated in the early Bible translation work in Zulu.

Then, is it possible that Dr. Adams' manuscript, mentioned by Grout as "a brief grammatical outline . . . amounting to some three or four dozen pages in manuscript," is still in existence?

But, apart from Dr. Dexter Taylor's great Bible revision, published in 1924, American Board missionaries do not seem to have emulated the spirit of those language pioneers who broke the soil back in the forties of the last century.

At Ellis Island [Continued from page 16]

I made sure never to wear that hat again.

* * *

All the men in rooms 200, 209, 206 and 222 have outdoor games in the morning and afternoon. We are not able to use the playground as they have planted grass seed. It is very hard to use the porches for games. We play hand ball, football, volley ball and baseball. The indoor games are mostly table games for we must be quiet as we

are using the detention rooms where others are doing occupational work. We are hoping for a special room after the W.P.A. workers are transferred to other quarters. They are using our recreation quarters.

In connection with the recreation work among the adults these people naturally tell their troubles and wants. It is a blessing to be able to help and to witness for Christ. The hard part is to see families separated. Today a man wanted a doll

for his daughter in a home in Brooklyn. He had three children born in America. Their mother died two years ago. He is being sent to England because he served two terms in prison.

"I want to keep my word. I promised Jean a doll. What shall I do as I only have a dollar? Take it and buy her a doll," said he.

We gave him a doll and mailed the package, just to help him to do what was right.

A Leadership Change

In the Council of Women for

LAST spring personal reasons made it necessary for Miss Anne Seescholtz to resign as secretary of the Council of Women for Home Missions after four and a half years of energetic and effective service. She expects to devote some time to study and research.

Instead of making a new appointment, the Council of Women for Home Missions has chosen to promote Miss Seescholtz's associate, Miss Edith Lowry, to the secretaryship. Miss Lowry is youthful, enthusiastic, human. After graduating from Wellesley she spent several years in the Department of Education and Publicity of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions. In 1927 she joined the

Home Missions



Miss Edith E. Lowry

staff of the Council of Women for Home Missions as office secretary and director of the work among the migrant workers who harvest many of our food crops. In her new capacity she will continue to look after these activities. In addition she will be responsible for the promotional and financial development of the Council.

Associated with Miss Lowry will be Miss Charlotte Mary Burnham, who has studied at Trinity College, the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, and the Yale Graduate School. She was on the staff of the First Church of Hartford for four years, and more recently has been dean of women and teacher of Sociology at Dickinson Junior College.

Pilgrim Fellowship Week

Harry Thomas Stock

MINISTERS grow weary from the succession of special days and weeks which they are asked to observe. It may seem to some an imposition to add one more to the list. But in emphasizing Young People's Week, or Pilgrim Fellowship Week, our Congregational and Christian churches are but returning to an old practice. The first Sunday in February commemorates the founding of Christian Endeavor, and for many years the Christian Endeavor movement has asked its local groups to set aside the week between the last Sunday in January and the first Sunday in February as Young People's Week or Christian Endeavor Week.

The Pilgrim Fellowship includes all young people of the Congregational and Christian churches, those

in Christian Endeavor and the equally large number enrolled in other types of societies or clubs or classes. This year, there is to be a nation-wide observance of Pilgrim Fellowship Week. Those societies that are affiliated with Christian Endeavor will naturally plan special programs for this week. It is also suggested that young people's groups not so affiliated may well plan to share in some of the union features of the local Christian Endeavor.

The Pilgrim Highroad for January and Bulletin 57 (five cents from the Young People's Department, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.) contain detailed suggestions for this January program as well as for other activities during the coming months. The following are typical of the events which will be

part of Pilgrim Fellowship Week in various communities:

January 31: the young people have charge of the general church service. Their subject may be, "Why We Believe in the Church" (Christian Life topic for that day).

Week night programs: a meeting with the church board to learn about the problems and business affairs of the church; a banquet for parents given by the young people; a special program at the regular mid-week service.

February 7: a union community service in which all young people's groups share; or the regular Sunday evening meeting at which several adults discuss, "What Young People Can Contribute to the Church" (the Christian Life topic).

An Educational Wadley,

*Left: Between
Classes at
Southern
Union*



The old definition of a college as Mark Hopkins on one end of a log with a candidate for education on the other finds its modern prototype in Southern Union College at Wadley, Alabama. Here is an institution whose endowment is hope and whose equipment is courage. Founded by the Christian churches some twenty odd years ago in a little town on the Alabama-Georgia boundary line, it escaped from a period of captivity to its creditors in 1933 only to have its principal dormitory engulfed by flames shortly before Thanksgiving in 1935.

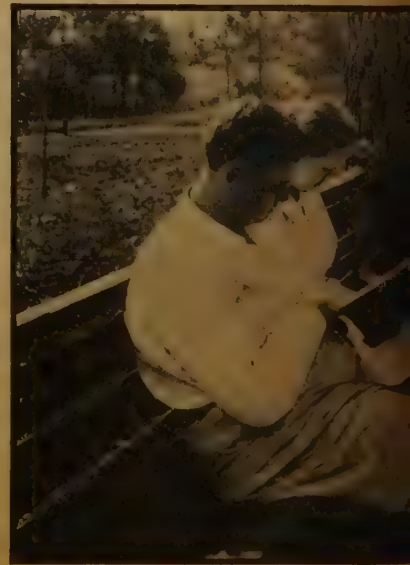


Co-education



*Left: These Walls of the
Girls' Dormitory (burned
Nov. 1935) make their silent
appeal for funds.*

Southern friends, graduates and students of "Southern Union" are trying to raise funds through "Dormitory Dollars."



*They study out of doors at Southern
The college is a center for Student
Conferences, and for Religious Leaders*

Adventure at Alabama



*Right: Waiting
for the dinner
bell—at 28½
cents a day*



Under the leadership of Ross Ensminger as president and A. R. VanCleave as dean some forty young people from the rural regions round about are offered a Junior college course under teachers whose chief recompense is the privilege of inspiring ambitious students. In its physical setting Southern Union harks back forty or fifty years, but in its educational outlook it is quite modern. In a true sense it is an opportunity school for a group of young men and young women who would have nowhere else to go if it were not there.

o-operation



*Right: These chicks are
putting this boy through
college at Southern Union.*

Board costs \$55 and tuition \$35 a year, but the student can pay his dues in farm products.



ion College, Wadley, Alabama.
ummer Service, for Young People's
o Training.

A Glance at American Board Schools

NOT at all of them, but at a few which have accomplished something out of the ordinary routine of work, or have had a bit of good fortune during the past year.

In Africa: *Adams College* has begun to coöperate with the Natal University and with the Indian Sastri College in beginning university classes for non-Europeans. It opens a School of Music the first of the year. Chilleso in West Africa has started boarding schools in seven out-stations; of course the *Chilleso Station School* itself, with its two hundred students, has boarding departments. In *Inanda Seminary* the first and only course in any school for preliminary training of girls as nurses has been started, the government providing for it salaries and equipment. The past year has been the first year of specialized courses offered the third year classes in *Currie Institute, Dondi*: courses specializing in various trades, in Bible, pedagogy and hospital work. In *Sachikela the Merlin Ennis Junior Memorial Kindergarten* is the only school which is at liberty to use the native language, so a foundation can be laid on which to build the children's later learning in the Portuguese tongue; it also builds foundations of good habits and is a demonstration to the people of what little children can do; Africans do not realize the immediacy of their need for training.

In China: In spite of the communist scare in Shansi early in the year the *Ming I Middle School, Fenchow* opened for the school year of 1936-1937 with two hundred boys and fifty girls. The Provincial Government gave the *Tung Jen School* in Paoting a prize for being the best administered school in the province. Nine hundred

students are delighted with the two new one-story science buildings "that by some magic of self-sacrifice and careful economies Principal Yang has succeeded in building." President Ching-Jun Lin of *Fukien Christian University* in Foochow had conferred upon him by Wesleyan University the degree of Litt.D., and the Ministry of Education recognized the good work done by the university with a grant of money. The *Union High School* in Foochow erected a new agricultural building, bought a tract of land, and planted ten thousand trees. *Yu Ying Academy* in Peiping which, with a number of other schools, receives no grant from the Board, has secured about half of the \$35,000 building fund it has been trying for.

In India: The Educational Board commended the striking and widely commented upon exhibit of the *Boys' High School* with its four hundred and seventy-five students; a student of the *Girls' High School*, same city, came first in the Matriculation Examination of Bombay University and was awarded the special prize. The *Sir Dorabji Tata School of Social Work*, with a two-year course of training, was opened during the year in connection with the Nagpada Neighborhood House. In view of the vocational training of the *Station School, Tirumangalam* it receives from the Government a fifty per cent efficiency grant, while the *Vocational School, Vadala* has been selected as a substation of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research.

In Japan: the girls' high school in Matsuyama, now named the *Orlinda Childs Pierce Memorial School*, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and rejoiced in the gift of \$25,000 for a new main building

from Dr. Willis F. Pierce of California. Starting the new year with two hundred and forty girls, it certainly needs more room.

In Mexico: *The Pacific School* at Mazatlan has shown tremendous new life; the enrolment has increased fifty per cent, and the Director of the State Normal School when that was closed, sent his students to our school; all the graduates have become rural teachers.

In the Near East: *Aleppo College* is coöperating with the Presbyterian high school, looking to a complete union under the joint control of the two mission boards in the fall of 1937. The Alumnae Association of the *American High School for Girls*, also in Aleppo, gave \$100 in honor of the school's seventy-fifth anniversary (it started in Marash, Turkey) in addition to considerable regular scholarship aid. A suitable house has been bought and fitted for the use of the *High School, Beirut* through the efforts of the First Armenian Church which gave a third of the cost. *Anatolia College* in Salonica, Greece, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, having started life in Merzifon, Turkey. The *American College, Tarsus*, had the largest entering class in five years, being made popular by the success of every one of its graduates who entered the Baccalaureate Examination, which is an entrance examination to the University of Istanbul.

In the Philippines: Out of the whole of Silliman University, our *College of Theology*, of which an American Board missionary is Dean, won the Salutatorian honor last June, and another of its students was third in scholastic ranking.

Boys and Girls of America

How One Indian Goes to School

EDWARD HOWLING WOLF is an Indian boy whose home is a log house on the Fort Berthold Reservation in North Dakota. When an Indian reservation has really good land it is because some white man has made a mistake. The soil on which Edward's parents are trying to make a living is so thin and sandy that it takes a great deal of it to grow any grain or even to feed a cow. The result is that people live far apart, and have very little money to spend for gasoline. On an Indian reservation there is no one to pay for the roads but the government, and it is not interested in building highways to remote homes such as that of the Howling Wolf family. The result is that the road to Edward's house is faint and imaginary.

In the past the Indians have been so widely scattered that the government thought that the best way to educate their children was to send them off to boarding schools. Somebody had an idea that the quickest method of "civilizing" the Indians was to catch them young, take them a long way from home, and keep them for as many years as possible. Edward's pastor received his common school education at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, which is nearly 2000 miles from where his parents lived. Children were sent home every three or four years. Often they and their parents had to be introduced to each other.

Today the government is endeavoring to provide schools near the homes where the Indian boys and girls live, and wherever possible they want the Indian children to go to the same schools with the white children. Indians think that white people are terribly smart—until they listen to their boys and girls recite in school. Indians are

always encouraged by any evidences of white stupidity.

Getting schools near at hand for the Indians is difficult because of the great distances between homes and the lack of roads. It is not possible



*Young Indians are plump
Indians at Elbowoods*

to have a school within reach of every home, but the government is getting closer to this ideal all the while. The Indian agency for the Fort Berthold Reservation is at Elbowoods, where a public school has been established with five grade and three high school teachers.

In order that their children may attend this school some of the

Indian families establish "winter camps" at Elbowoods. These are crude log cabins in which the mother and children camp out during cold weather while the father stays out on the farm. This is not very satisfactory for anyone, but it shows how anxious the Indians are to give their children an education.

Instead of camping out during the school term Edward Howling Wolf's parents are sending him to the boarding home for school children which our churches maintain at the Indian Mission at Elbowoods. This is an old building which is over-run with Indian children. The boys sleep in one big room and the girls in another. Most beds are double deck while some have three layers. The boys and girls and mission people all eat together in a big dining-room.

But Edward Howling Wolf will do much more than go to school at Elbowoods. After school there is a scout troop for the big boys and clubs for the small ones, Bible classes, games, music and much fun. He will learn to eat different foods and live in a different way from that to which he is accustomed at home. But every two weeks, if he can find some way of getting back and forth, he can visit his parents, while they are at liberty to come and see him whenever they wish to. For every holiday Edward can go home. As a result he passes on to his parents many of the things which he learns in school, while they have the fun of being near at hand while he is growing up.

Edward's parents pay the cost of his board, but our churches provide the Mission and the men and women who are filling the after-school hours of these boys and girls with profitable experiences.



Indians and Americans all—on the playground at Elbowoods

Explaining The Indian

**By William C.
Besselievre**

As a boy I read "Deerfoot," and thereafter knew that some Indians, at least, could stay alive and still be "good Indians." As a sixteen-year-old boy, I spent a year preaching to the remnant of the Mohegan tribe in Connecticut, incidentally achieving a reputation as an eater of potatoes and gravy and having the wherewithal generously supplied by my darker-skinned friends.

Perhaps the early generosity has something to do with a liberal attitude I now take toward the shortcomings of the Sioux whom I have learned to know in the mid-west. True, they are ignorant, shiftless, lazy. True, their hands have the eternal "gimme's"—that is, of the mass, these things are true.



A "Winter Camp" near Elbowoods, North Dakota, built by an Indian family from far out on the Reservation so that their children could attend the public school

But what else can be reasonably expected of them? A part of the cause for it all I see every time I look in the glass. We whites stole their land and means of livelihood. We repeatedly made treaties which we then proceeded to tear up as scraps of paper. There remains for them a tent or ramshackle log cabin in the worst river-breaks or on barren prairie: devoid of a single tree, scarce of grass, and, for the most part, innocent of a well. For years they have been the dependent wards of both government and church.

If they remain dirty and ignorant it is for more reason than the serfs had in the middle ages. The educated Indian bears out my early theory concerning good Indians. For the life of me I cannot see any essential difference between them and white people of similar background. Excepting one thing—a deep, inner hurt that there still lingers on in the attitude of some white people an unjustified discrimination.

As I meet the principal of the Government School at Pierre,

S. D., I greet a man who might be the twin of a white friend recently engaged to a former parishioner of mine—the one by nature dark, the other an accumulated sun-tan. To know "Phil" Frazier is to know a man on fire for a people; and to know his wife is to know a lady in every sense of the word, soft-spoken and quiet-mannered. To know Iron Moccasin and Blue Eyes means an acquaintance with men of deep Christian devotion that puts my own feeble flame to shame.

Silver For Missions

By Bertha Rhea Martin

"THE missionary spirit is dead among the women of our church," exclaimed a group leader during a round table discussion at a recent church gathering in Minnesota.

"In the eleven years that I have belonged to our church we have never given as we should to missions," added a courageous woman, disappointed in the missionary zeal of her village church.

As the thirty well dressed women adjourned, I left the table with my heartbeat tuned to a funeral dirge for missions. But tonight all is different. My heart beats with the vigor of a triumphal march for missions.

All because of a gift of twenty-five cents—not twenty-five dollars or two hundred and fifty dollars or twenty-five hundred dollars—but a silver twenty-five cent piece, just the price of a movie ticket—one quarter of a dollar.

And this is the story.

The manse seemed lonely that afternoon. Its walls cried aloud for the sound of our children's voices many hundreds of miles away. But knowing the cure for

loneliness is to seek the fireside of one who has reason to be more lonely than myself; I set forth to walk to the other side of town to visit a widow, who has recently moved from her farm to our village.

Her eyesight is almost gone. She lives in a little tin-covered house of two rooms, with her brown-and-white collie, Shep, as her only companion; he came running and barking down the road to greet me.

She opened the door to me; two faded old eyes peered into my face without recognition, but as I introduced myself the intelligent, pleasant face broke into a smile.

In her front room her old black-walnut bed was made up full and high with a fat feather tick, its snow-white and blue coverlet tucked neatly and precisely into place. On a kitchen chair at her window portulaca, potted in a shining tin can, was blooming in brilliant reds and yellows. Mine lay frozen in the garden.

Eagerly she pulled her chair close to me to visit and to tell of her early church days, her pioneer farming experiences.

"Did you have a good missionary meeting yesterday?" she asked, then.

"Yes." And I told her of the program and the good food the hostesses had served for lunch.

"How much do you pay for the afternoon?"

"Ten or fifteen cents, or as much as we can."

"I want you to see my piano," she said when I rose to go. "When the men moved it they couldn't get it into the front room, so I have it in the kitchen."

With jingling keys and great difficulty she unlocked the large piano standing between the kitchen range in one corner and the old hand-power washing machine in the other corner.

"Do you play?" she questioned.

"Yes."

"Won't you play for me?"

Again she drew a chair close to my side and bent her head to the keyboard, never moving as she listened to my music. How I longed for the simple art of expression of a great master, of a Padarewski!

[Continued on page 28]

Worship Service for January



Julia Galt Skiles

(The following meditation is founded on the narrative given in II Sam. 11, 12 and Ps. 51.)

GOD had intended handing David a surprise package. He had it all wrapped and carefully, though mysteriously, labeled, "Such and Such Things." But something happened; that ugly "affair" with the beautiful Bathsheba, and her husband put out of the way.

God was disappointed—grieved. He must withhold the intended gift, unopened. But how tenderly He explains it all to the guilty man as he stands there beside the holy messenger, Nathan.

First, He points the king to the long thrilling tale of his past from the sheepfold to the throne. God itemizes: "I gave thee," He reminds David, protection, fame, home and children, power. He continues, "And if *that* had been *too little* I would, moreover, have given thee *such and such things*."

We are curious to sever the wrappings of those mysterious "such and such things." Silver and gold? Perhaps. But just now David has proven himself supremely selfish, in no mood to handle money. He could sink a fortune in self-indulgence, in official trappings and tinsel, forgetting the needed relief work of his kingdom. Larger armies? But David, the murderer, might go forth only in unjust and cruel conquest instead of planning

for the safety and protection of his people. Or had God planned to give the great harpist and poet of Israel a finer sense of harmony, an art in more exquisite melody. But just now might he not divert his precious talent from the worship and praise of his great Jehovah God to some frivolous and ribald theme?

But no-one's future lies under a curse. "To every man there openeth a high way and a low." And David, the great friend of God turns himself about to follow anew the high way. In his wonderful Psalm of penitence, the 51st, he re-values his God, exclaiming, "Cast me not away from thy presence," "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me." He re-values himself, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." He re-values the higher life, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation—and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness."

We, too, have a past strewn from childhood with God's benefits, too numerous to itemize. We, too, have a future, just now a New Year, aglow with promise. Are you and I prepared for the mysterious "such and such things" that God in his infinite love has designed for us. Do we sense the eternal values of His presence, the possibilities of our devoted minds and emotions, of consecrated time and health, muscles and voices.

Can we be trusted with the surprise package of our fullest and richest future?

Standing with folded wings of mystery,
The New Year waits to greet us—you and me.

Her arms are full of gifts; her feet are shod
All fitly for rough roads or velvet sod;
Her eyes are steady with belief in God.

She smiles a little as she turns away,
Breathing a promise for each coming day;
And we—we pause a little while to pray!

—Lillian Gard.

Prayer: Our loving and generous Father; we thank thee for the future as well as the past of our lives; for the great unexplored areas, the adventures, the exploits and even the testings of Christian service. We thank thee for the promised conquests of faith and prayer and love. May we go forward, hand in hand with thee, understanding more and more of thy largest purposes—the "such and such things" that thy infinite love has in store for us. Amen.

Hymn: 449 The Pilgrim Hymnal, 470 The Church Hymnal. (May be sung to the tune of Hamburg, Duke Street, or any L. M. tune.)

Great God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand,
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

—Philip Doddridge.

O Bells of New Year's Eve and New Year's Morn!

Faintly chiming, eerily rhyming
Dreams of yesterday with dreams of days that are to be;

Slowly swinging, softly ringing—
Bring me memories, hope for morrows bring to me.

But at midnight, Ah! at midnight—
Shadowy sorrows with the old year gone—

Sharply pealing, gaily pealing,
Ring out darkness, ring out dread, and ring in dawn.

Grace H. Knapp

We Hold This Fort!

By Leroy Victor Cleveland

FROM Lubec—our country's easternmost point—to California, the land is dotted with small churches, some of them aided financially by grants from the state conference headquarters. The easternmost church receiving such help is the "Dixie" church in Lubec, Maine.

It is not at all imposing, not at all wealthy, but in spite of all it may lack, *it is one of our churches*. It is without pipe organ, without benefit of electric lights, and in the winter time is so draughty that your breath condenses on the air as you preach or play the organ. But the Lord loves this little church. Why isn't money taken from somewhere to fix it up? Money *is* being raised to do that very thing. The outside is in the process of receiving a coat of paint just at present.

THE HUGE SUM OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

But the people are not rich. In the winter they take smoked herrings, clip away head, tail and stomach, remove back and skin, and put them in boxes, going through the same motions with one after an-

other till hundreds of little fish have been packed into a ten-pound box.

For that accomplishment each is paid the huge sum of twenty-five cents. Yet the owner of the shed can pay no more. Even so, his splendid American product may be undersold in market by foreign imported herring.

In canning time, usually from April first or the middle of March up to October fifteenth, the church people earn their wherewithal at the factories or the canning plant.

This includes, with few exceptions, all the women. Whenever the whistles blow for them they go, after supper or no: the trucks start out from the various factories and round them up.

Of course all these folk need religion as much as folk elsewhere. A man may feel his spine breaking as he lifts too many sheets of tin; or receive an ugly cut from a can top or piece of scrap tin; or stifle a bad word as scalding water reddens his arm for the tenth time during a day.

Some girl impatiently waits for quitting time and wonders if the good Lord will help her get her smelly clothes changed in time for the important date. The deacon's boat engine may die down or fill up with salt water, through some oversight, and when the motor dies he may be pitching in the dark night miles from port.

And the possibility of waiting in vain through March, April, May, and even June for the fish to arrive in the nearby waters! Sometimes they do not come—and then there are months of unemployment...



The Dixie Church in Maine before it was dressed up in new paint

THEY NEED THEIR CHURCHES

But the people live and love and sing. Their little churches are necessary to them. They realize that many enemies stalk through the land, and there are many keys to the gates of destruction, the gates leading to the forces of treason.

They neither wish to walk in the way of the traitor, nor to have others walk that way, so they align themselves with the church nearest home. They hold the local fort for Christ—those who love Him—and they get the same thrill and assurance and peace out of it as do Matthews and Marys everywhere.

They come to prayer-meeting in the Dixie church, though on moonless nights they must walk in pitch darkness; there are no street lights, and flashlights are a luxury. God is there at the "upper window" keeping watch.

They do not hear the church bell—there is no bell. Yet they come, some of them four miles from the Moose River district, when the weather is not prohibitive, and sometimes when they do actually get a drenching. They come to church or Sunday school or prayer-meeting, or all three.

NO CHURCH ENVELOPES

They give what money they can. You couldn't get them to take



Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are doing their bit in Maine

weekly envelopes, and the pastor doesn't blame them. This church is the exception that proves the value of a rule. One or two families can give fifty cents a Sunday. Many adults can give two, four, six, maybe eight or ten cents. And probably pennies.

Envelopes would only be an embarrassment, so they have never been used. That is an odd situation, but it is not the people's fault. And it helps to explain why we are a missionary church. Twenty-five cents for packing a ten-pound box of boned, cleaned, skinned herring! If the total offerings of the church for one year exceed one hundred dollars, the church does well. Two dollars a Sunday from forty people is *good*. And a load of wood for the pastor from Mr. Denbow or Mr. McFadden means as much as if some city magnate scribbled a \$25 or \$100 for his pastor or church.

And when my wife says, "you should go back to wireless operating, when you earned \$35 a week," I remind her of how hard Dixie folk work for their meager living, and that this is the work I love best of all.

Bion McFadden rows about his route from lobster trap to trap,



After Sunday School in lil' ole Dixie-in-Maine

rows in the wind and cold. His gloves frozen hard and stiff, he tugs away at the line. Up comes a trap—empty. He may do better next time, and earn a little extra money by and by for the church's extra offering to missions.

His girl Pauline lies home on a cot. She graduated from high school and secured a good position in a major canning plant office, then took sick and has been in bed most of the time since—now many months.

Alden O'Brien's father plugs along. Alden hopes some day to return to Bowdoin College, but times have been so hard! And it is difficult to keep mentally prepared

as the years slip by since he had to leave. . . .

There could be no finer folk anywhere than there are here. You love them a little more because they haven't had quite all the breaks that the people in some garden city or college town have had. They are educated—at least many of them. And they have a common sense that would be a gilt-edged frame for any education.

Strong-faithed, granite-charactered people whose ideals are an accurate blue-print of their rugged souls! In this easternmost point of our country they are holding the fort for Christ.

Silver for Missions [Continued from page 25]

"My! You certainly can dance your fingers over the keys. Why, you could play for the church service if the pianist wasn't there. Couldn't you?"

Now I stood ready to go. She detained me as she hunted for her little brown purse.

"Will you take fifteen cents to the ladies of the church for their supper?"

She scattered her silver over the table, bending low to see the change. There was very little money but she found the piece she sought, the silver quarter.

"And I want to send this twenty-five cents for missions." With beaming eyes and smiling lips she handed me the quarter.

So tonight I hear the triumphal words: "The missionary spirit is not dead among the women of the church. It lives. It cannot die."

Errata in December Number: page 569, Dr. Leavitt was chief guest of the evening; page 579, Rev. Carl Gates was Chairman of the Committee of the Appropriations Committee; in Mrs. Wilson's article on page 565, three names are misspelled—they should be Laura Collings, Dr. and Mrs. Potter Hitchcock, and Rev. and Mrs. John Rood.

A Successor to Mrs. Ranney

ON January 1 Mrs. E. E. McClintock of Denver will take up the duties of associate regional secretary of the Missions Council for the Mid-West. Her office will be in Chicago, where she will be associated with Howell Davies in carrying on the activities so long directed by Mrs. Helen Street Ranney.

Mrs. McClintock was born in Ohio but moved to Colorado when she was fifteen. After graduating from high school in Denver she entered Denver University, but left school in 1904 to marry.

At the time of his death in 1922 her husband was superintendent of the Rocky Mountain division of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Mrs. McClintock has two children—a married son and a daughter who has graduated from Oberlin and who is engaged to a student at Union Seminary.

As her children have grown up, Mrs. McClintock has devoted an increasing proportion of her time

and talents to the field of religious education, first as a volunteer, and later as a paid worker. On the



Mrs. McClintock

death of her husband she became executive secretary of the Denver Council of Religious Education. From 1928 to 1931 she also served

as general secretary of the Colorado Council of Religious Education. In 1927 she received ordination to the ministry.

During the past fifteen years she has spent one year in study and has attended numerous summer schools. This work has been at Boston University and Denver University.

For ten years Mrs. McClintock was director of the Older Girls' Camp conducted by the International Council of Religious Education at Geneva Glen, Colorado. She has also had much experience in denominational young people's conferences.

Since 1932 she has been Director of Religious Education of the First Plymouth Church of Denver, of which Vere V. Loper is pastor. Concerning Mrs. McClintock he writes, "She has a splendid personality. She meets all type and ages of people with poise and cordiality. She is an effective speaker before any type of audience."

A Unique Volume

is one containing pictorial studies of modern Christian architecture in Asia and Africa illustrating the influence of indigenous cultures.

It is called *Heritage of Beauty* and its forty-five photographs show how this heritage has been built into characteristic houses of worship. There are places for prayer which embody the grace and boldness of the Chinese style, the Japanese love for gardens, the expansiveness of India's open halls, or the evolution of the hut architecture of Africa and the South-Seas.

The brief studies accompanying the pictures give illuminating glimpses, not only into folkways and history, but also into those adjustments which a world church must ever be making if it is to root itself into varied soils. Some churches express in their very structure the purpose of combining the best that the younger West can give with the best the ancient East already has, and one realizes in turning the pages that this beauty is creating a spiritual world community, a church universal.

The author, the Reverend Daniel Johnson Fleming, Ph.D., now professor of missions in Union Theological Seminary, New York, was, prior to 1913, for twelve years a professor in Forman Christian College, Lahore, India, traveled extensively in the Orient then and again in 1919 and 1931 as member of commissions. His book can be secured for \$1.50 from the Friendship Press, New York.

Book Chat

Moody Still Lives, by Arthur Percy Fitt (Fleming H. Revell, \$1.50). Once when D. B. Townner was helping D. L. Moody with the singing at the Boston meetings, he suffered from a bad throat.

"Thank God, Townner," said Mr. Moody, "when the Almighty created me, he set my head so close to my body that he gave me hardly any throat, and what little there was he macadamised."

These are the saving touches of warm humor and humanity which justify another life of D. L. Moody, written with the help of new sources by his son-in-law, Arthur Fitt. Out of the welter of fact and fiction over these hundred years since Moody's birth in Northfield, February 5, 1837, Mr. Fitt has gleaned the grains of saving truth, for he was the evangelist's secretary for the last seven years of Moody's life. Mr. Fitt saw the full-orbed power of the Man from Northfield. Now he has proved what many of us have guessed, that Moody's influence has gained, not lessened, since his death in 1899. The Northfield Schools go on their rock-ribbed way of turning out Christians instead of sophisticates. And when Moody caught Wilfred Grenfell's wandering attention in London by breaking into a parson's long-winded prayer, he set in motion a power which is this very hour bringing warm life instead of cold death to the Labrador. "Moody still lives," is the right title for a book which proves its thesis.

A one-word description of Moody, the man and his messages, is LOVE. Mr. Fitt shows how the uncommon commoner of religion loved life, all of it. He could make a joke and take one. How he loved people, from the man of

the hour in Edinburgh, Henry Drummond, to the lost of the lost in Whiskey Lane. No one can read Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World*, without remembering where he saw the incarnation of his idea.

This book has the finest picture of Mr. Moody on earth as its frontispiece and it will be a prescribed text for all those who want to be ready for the Centenary Celebration February 5th. In Boston the Northfield and Mount Hermon Clubs will join with Mount Vernon Church (which Moody joined in 1856) to provide Gospel Singing, Gospel preaching, radio talks, exhibits of Moodiana, during the anniversary week.

—Carl Heath Kopf

In the Steps of Saint Paul, by H. V. Morton (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50), follows Paul the Traveler on his journeys, which it illustrates with twenty-five lovely sepia reproductions of photographs, nearly all of them taken by the author. The present reviewer, distrustful—and with good reason—of books of travel as a class, became an H. V. Morton enthusiast from the first reading of his *In Search of England*—reread once a year ever since—and has eagerly awaited each subsequent volume from his pen. Like many thousands of others! An unsurpassed power of conveying to his reader beauty perceived by a most sensitive eye and ear; an appreciative understanding of the people he meets and talks with, his unfeigned interest drawing from them the best they have to give; a great love of the traditions and the stories of the past; humour; above all a pervasive personal charm: these things put Mr. Morton's travel books in a class by themselves.

Yang and Yin, by Alice Tisdale Hobart (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50). We can not do better than to quote here part of the review of this book in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (November 14), by George Sokolsky, who was for a decade foreign correspondent in China of a New York, a London, and a Japanese newspaper, and for varying periods on the staffs of newspapers in China.

"I have been waiting for some years for someone to write an honest and frank appraisal of the American missionary in China. This has now been done by Alice Tisdale Hobart in her new novel... Taking the American missionary through the long period immediately following the Boxer days down to about 1928, Mrs. Hobart deals with human beings of fine sensitivity, of great courage, of deep emotionalism, and of unusual capacity for selfless living. Her penetration into the ideas and motives of foreigners in China and the Chinese themselves... seems to me infinitely more keen and truer than anything Pearl Buck has written about similar persons. Whereas when I read Pearl Buck, I feel that she draws composites and shapes them to her fancy, when I read *Yang and Yin* I could almost pick out individuals in China whom I know and whom I have loved...

"If this book receives the circulation that it deserves... it will recreate the American missionary, the teacher and the doctor, for those who only think of him as an interloper, as one who forces himself upon a people. It will make it possible to understand what the missionary's great services to China have been and are. Secondly, it tells the whole story of opium... the key to everything in China."

Talcott Williams: Gentleman of the Fourth Estate, by Elizabeth Dunbar (Robert E. Simpson & Son, \$3.50), is so full of errors and misrepresents so completely Dr. Williams and his family and also the American Board, that it is a pity that it should have been published, especially in view of the fact that a definitive biography is being prepared by a real journalist and former pupil of Dr. Williams and under the auspices of the Pulitzer School of Journalism of which Dr. Williams was Director from 1912 to his death in 1928. Miss Dunbar's book is not a biography: it gives no idea of the impress on his generation of one of America's greatest journalists. It is more like a diary filled with pages of unimportant details. It contains no material supplied by Dr. Williams' wife or nephew and nieces, and throughout the volume they are referred to slightly. Dr. Williams, a great man himself, had some noted relatives. His uncle was S. Wells Williams, famous diplomat, linguist, author of a classic work on China, where he was for years an American Board missionary. Dr. Williams' father was for twenty years missionary of the American Board in the Near East, and his sister also went as a missionary to Turkey before her marriage to Dr. W. Nesbitt Chambers, a missionary of remarkable sanity, tact, wisdom, and executive ability, loved and trusted by the people he helped through terrible troublous times, and by the people in America who, through him, passed on thousands of dollars for the relief of refugees.

Books Received

Re-Thinking Religion, by Albert E. Avey (Henry Holt, \$2.00). The author, Professor of Philosophy at Ohio State University, states that he has been for a score of years addressing student groups and other assemblies, and tried to help them think through the meaning of

religious concepts; that the topics treated in this book are those most frequently requested by discussion groups. He is trying to re-state in present-day terminology and scientific thought the basic concepts of religion that represent certain ineradicable interests of mankind.

Fighting Angel, by Pearl S. Buck (Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc., N. Y., \$2.50) is a biography of the author's father, a companion volume to *The Exile*, the biography of her mother, and a more skillfully written book; more difficult in that her sympathy was wholly on her mother's side. He seems rather incredible, inhuman, to the reader: "Great missionary he was, intrepid soul, but there was no fatherhood in him . . . His children were merely accidents . . . A fighter he was, and subject in his warfare to neither church, board of missions, nor any man's opinion, advice or authority . . . Always a pioneer, always distrusted by his contemporaries as a radical, a firebrand, close to heresy . . . The Chinese were always his friends and to them went the affection his children didn't get . . . They made Andrew himself into a kind of god. If he said a thing it was so." It is to be remembered that he was a missionary under one of the narrowest and most intolerant divisions of his denomination, and at an intolerant, bigoted period of religious life in America. Modern missionaries, especially those of the less narrow denominations, less ruthless, less despotic, therefore seemingly achieving less spectacular victories, may yet, many of them, come much nearer to the real being of their people, and lift the whole level of their lives—physical, economic, social, intellectual and spiritual lives.

On Growing Old Gracefully, by Charles Courtenay (Macmillan, \$2.00) is a delightful, gracefully written, heartening volume by a man himself eighty-seven years of age

and half-blind—late Vicar of St. Peter's, Tunbridge Wells, England. He takes up the problems that confront old age: dependence, neglect, ill-health, impairment of hearing and vision—and also its protective defences, its duties, its relationships, its temptations. The chapter on Storm Clouds in the West, with its division into: The Tragedy of the Legs; A Little Hard of Hearing; The Dimming of the Eye, are specially practical and humorous. "This," says the author in his preface "is a friendly bid to collect them (the aging) together, to comfort their old minds and hearts, and to introduce them to good company."

The Way of the Witnesses, by Edward Shillito (Friendship Press, cloth \$1.00, paper \$.50) is a New Testament study in missionary motive by a distinguished graduate of Oxford, formerly literary superintendent of the London Missionary Society and a minister in various English parishes. He explains the experiences in the Book of Acts by the work of modern missionaries and shows how the Epistles apply to present-day missions.

The Book of Common Worship, edited by Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield and Dr. Oliver Huckel (E. P. Dutton, \$1.00) is the second edition of a volume which its editors aimed to make "inclusive of the genius and methods, the spirit and faith of the several communions . . . a liturgy which expresses the faith and life of today . . . It includes, we believe, much that is noblest and most helpful in the faith and devotion of the ages . . . The voices of many modern prophets of God are vocal in these pages."

Recent Publications

The American Board

A New Commandment. Facts about the American Board. 6 pp.

Commission on Evangelism

The Christian Year and its practical use in the Church today, by Raymond Calkins. 12 pp.

The Fellowship of Prayer, by Dean Willard L. Sperry. For the 1937 Lenten Season. The theme is "The Mind of Christ." 44 pp. 3 cents each, ten or more 2 cents each.

The Hand Book—1937. Concise information concerning the statistics and work of the churches, with information regarding our National and State agencies. 64 pp. 5 cents per single copy; 10 or more, 4 cents per copy, \$3.00 per 100 or more.

A Guide for the Christian Year. The foundations of worship series number 2. Arranged under the direction of the Seminar on Worship. 64 pp. 15 cents.

The Wonderful Way. Fourth

series of devotional services prepared by a committee of Northern California now available for distribution. 96 pp. 15 cents.

The Home Boards

American Negro Child at Work and Play. A five-session unit for primary groups issued by the Education Society. 10 cents. 24 pp.

Automobile Route Map for the Southeast. Showing the location of the principal institutions supported by the Congregational and Christian Churches.

Christian Youth in Missionary Action. World service program of the Pilgrim Fellowship: 1936-37. 10 cents. 32 pp.

Does Your Church Need Help in its Educational Work? Facts about the Education Society. 6 pp.

50 Years of Christian Fellowship—1886-1936. Facts about the Board of Ministerial Relief. 4 pp.

For America. Facts about the Home Boards. 6 pp.

Negro Friends and Neighbors. A five-session unit for junior groups by Beth Torrey issued by the Education Society. 10 cents. 28 pp.

The Negro Steps Up. How our churches are sharing in the rise of a race. 12 pp.

The New Plan at Santee. 2 pp.

Missions Council

The Every Member Canvass. Directions, forms and suggestions for planning and conducting an effective canvass to meet 1937 needs. 32 pp.

How To Do It. A study of methods successfully used in the promoting of missionary giving. 32 pp.

➤ This, That, and the Other ➤

Famine Conditions in Ahmednagar

Writing in November, Ella Hoxie Wright described the district as brown and dry, with no crops, no work, and not much food. The Government was doing something, but it was not adequate, and there was evidently "leakage" where middlemen were concerned. The Christians and other charitably inclined people were the ones to whom the responsibility came of doing something about it. The various missions have joined in this and the relief work is centralized in the Neighborhood House of the American Board Marathi Mission, and is run by volunteer service. The first fund was raised among the Christians of the city and the mis-

sionaries are contributing to help out the fund.

"We must have more," she adds "for there are months ahead of this kind of suffering, and we can't let people starve before our eyes. What we need now is a public kitchen where the people in direst need can have a full meal. It is the worst year there has been in this district for years and years."

The Yodogawa Neighborhood House

On October 19 it was granted official sanction by the government as a Japanese philanthropic corporation with its own board of directors, three of whom, including the head of the institution, Sherwood Moran, represent the American

Board, the others being prominent Japanese—two business men, one minister, one social service worker, while a well-known Christian lawyer is auditor. The opening ceremony of this social center was held eleven years ago November.

Meeting Albert Schweitzer

Dr. Edward H. Hume and Mrs. Hume were in Strassburg, Germany, during the summer and while there were invited by Dr. Albert Schweitzer of Africa to supper in his little home in Gunsbach. The following is what Dr. Hume recently told some of his friends in America:

"You know what a human being he is. My wife was not eating much and he put his hand out and

said, 'Can I get you something special to eat?' That human quality! During supper he said, 'You are right. What we need to do in dealing with governments on the one side and with doctors and churches on the other, to strengthen that inner relationship between them we have got to be, you and I, men who are driven by the spirit of Christ, but we have got to be wise as serpents. I have found a lot of the need of that wisdom of the serpent in Africa.' Then he said, 'Come with me.' We walked down to the village church of which his father was pastor for many years. He designed the organ in it. He took us up in the organ loft and said, 'You sit here.' We sat on two sides of the organ and he played Bach to us for forty-five minutes. That is an interesting experience. He said, 'Now you have got to get the train back to Strassburg. I am going to have my son-in-law drive you part of the way in town.'"

We might add to the above that when Dr. Hume suggested that it would be fine if Dr. Schweitzer attended a certain committee meeting that was coming that evening after

supper, the great missionary said, "Committees! When I get to be eighty I will attend committees and not before."

Our German Theologs

Effective leadership is the greatest need of the 234 churches of the General Conferences of German Congregational Churches which are scattered from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, but the bulk of whose membership is to be found in the Dakotas, Nebraska and Colorado. The older stock in these congregations is composed of liberty-loving German speaking immigrants from what was formerly the Russian empire. The younger people—of whom there are a great abundance—have the common characteristics of American born youth. The minister who would serve these churches successfully must speak two languages and live in two worlds. His lot is to mediate between two very different generations. He needs to be an unusual man.

In the past a variety of arrangements have been made for the training of pastors for these Ger-

man churches, but since 1932 this work has been concentrated at Yankton College in southeast South Dakota. In addition to sharing the general facilities of the college the theological students enjoy special dormitory accommodations in Look Hall and the use of two floors in Ward Hall. They are encouraged to combine regular college work with their special theological courses. Three teachers are supported by the German churches: Paul Schubert, who acts as dean, C. A. Lippenberger and Helmut Schulz. Under the vigorous leadership of Professor Schubert a promising student body of fourteen has been recruited for the current year.

A Negro Hospital for Mississippi

R. H. Green, a prominent merchant of Jackson, Mississippi, who recently died, has left the residue of his estate to be used for the development of hospital facilities for Negroes, either through the establishment of a new institution or the adding of wards to some hospital already in existence. It is estimated that the amount of money available for this project will be between \$150,000 and \$200,000. As Tougaloo College is only eight miles north of Jackson it will undoubtedly derive at least an indirect benefit from this bequest.

Friend Peace House Dedicated

at Doshisha University, Kyoto, Japan, in October. With the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Richards from Honolulu a four days' festival was held during which the Friend Peace Scholarship's twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated. Dr. and Mrs. Richards founded this, and through them nearly a hundred thousand dollars was raised and nearly fifty Japanese youth were enabled to study in American colleges, the University of Hawaii and Doshisha.

On page 324 of the July, 1936



The German Theological Faculty and Students at Yankton College. The three center men in the front row are as follows: left to right—C. A. Lippenberger, Helmut Schulz, Paul Schubert (Dean).

MISSIONARY HERALD there is a picture of the Friend Peace House and it was stated in the article concerning it that Dr. and Mrs. Richards had given 70,000 Yen towards its cost—only, alas! the symbol of Yen got misprinted and the error did not get caught in the proof-reading. The sum 70,000 Yen means \$35,000 in United States money.

What Has Become of International College?

In 1934 the Board of Trustees decided to transplant the college from Smyrna where it had been founded by the American Board, first as a high school in 1879 and granted a charter in 1903 by the Massachusetts Legislature. After two years the decision was made that the college go to Beirut for a trial period of five years and take over certain features of the American University. The University has suggested that the International College reorganize the University elementary school, high school, lycee course, short business course, and freshman class into a continuing International College. This will carry on with over 800 students, 80 teachers and seven buildings.

Glimpses of Some Missionaries at Work

Out in Sachikela, West Africa, Mrs. Merlin W. Ennis is trying to put on everywhere she goes new reading lessons which she has prepared somewhat in the Laubach style, at least making use of his idea of a key word and individual instruction. Instruction is free, for each woman pays for hers by teaching another, but she doesn't know where to get money for the material. So far she has typed and duplicated the lessons, but they are so popular that the preparation is getting beyond her.

Miss Agnes Fenenga who, after years of work in Mardin, Turkey

—an Arabic-speaking station—is teaching in the Girls' High School, Aleppo, has beside her good full school program, a special Sunday school for Arabs in a quarter some distance from the Arab church, calls on Arabic-speaking people Sundays and gives a weekly afternoon and evening to receiving Arab callers.

Rev. William Woodard of Osaka, Japan, discussed Christian stewardship before the annual meeting of the denomination in October which he was asked to address. The printed copies of the speech were all taken and he was asked to speak on the same subject at the meeting of the Kyushu Association (Kyushu is the southernmost island of Japan).

Rev. Ralph R. Keithahn of De-vakottai, India, found at the first Inter-Religious Student Conference for Travancore that Muslims do not like the use of the term Mohammedan. "Let us all try to use the terms 'Islam' and 'Muslim.' It is little courtesies like these that work for better understanding," he adds. "Those two and one-half days together afforded many of us the opportunity of sharing our best, of understanding the best in others, of seeking further Truth and attainment."

Dr. John Banninga, beside his work as Principal of the Union Theological Seminary in Pasumalai, India, has been appointed Chairman of the South Local Council, which is the largest of the five divisions of the church work of the Madura Mission, has a Christian community of 9,113 and is divided into seven pastorates. Dr. Banninga has visited all the pasture centers and many villages since his return to India. The evangelistic committee of this area has drawn up careful plans for a program to develop the home life of the Christians, to sur-

vey the non-Christian villages, organize Gospel bands and other means of a friendly approach to all classes.

Miss Nellie M. Walker has at Adams College in South Africa an interested class of boys studying Christianity from its international aspects. Concluding several lessons on China, one boy remarked that he had never thought of the Chinese as being real people before. By the way, the Tenth Grade girls in Inanda Seminary, where Miss Walker has been teaching, wrote a letter last year to the same grade in the Wenshan School in Foochow, China, thanking the Chinese girls for their letters and pictures and information about the school, and giving information in their turn; the Wenshan girls replied by return post.

Miss Edith J. Fuller, R.N., of the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital in Mount Silinda, East Africa, writing to friends who had contributed to her bassinette and crib fund, tells of being summoned, after she had gone to bed one night, to see "a man with some babies." In a small soap box covered with a piece of cloth, were two naked three-pound babies, girl twins, therefore unlucky for their family. They were stone cold and damp, one gasping and choking, the other motionless. Under her care they revived and lived. For these and others like them money for blankets and sheets and towels would be very welcome.

Much of the time of Mrs. Elmer Galt of Paotingfu, China, is given to the Industrial School where some twenty women and girls, many of whom have unusual and moving stories connected with their homes, earn money with needle work which she tries to find a market for. Mrs. Galt also has responsibilities in connection with the Old

Ladies' Home where now eighteen women over sixty, without husband or sons to support them, or other means, live in tiny rooms with mud-plastered walls, kang beds and almost nothing else. Yet they are grateful for "such comfort" for many, quite feeble, would otherwise beg on the streets or perish from hunger and cold.

Quinquennial Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior

Once in five years this corporate body, according to its By-laws, has to hold a meeting of its Life Members. This second meeting was held in the First Congregational

Church, Oak Park, Illinois, Mrs. James H. Moore presiding, and over two hundred attended. The president and vice-president of the past twelve years were replaced by the election of Mrs. Ozora Davis and Mrs. Albert W. Palmer. Mrs. Davis gave an account of her recent visit to the Orient; Alice Keep Clark, Secretary, gave the story of the past five years; Principal Bertha Morley of the Anatolia Girls' School in Greece, spoke of her school; Mrs. E. E. Morrill described a trip to Southern Schools; and Dr. Albert Buckner Coe closed the program with an address on A Fellowship of Love Throughout the Whole Wide World.

Social Action Speakers for Wisconsin

Apparently the country abounds in people who can talk about Social Action. The Social Action Committee of the World Fellowship Council of Wisconsin Women has prepared a "Social Action Speakers List" giving the names and addresses of fifteen men and women who are prepared to talk on International Relations, eighteen who are ready to discuss Economic and Industrial Relations, twelve who have something to say on Social Welfare, seven who stand ready to speak on Race Relations, and two lonely men who feel competent to give their views on Rural-Urban Relations. Of course some of these names appear on several lists, but even at that it is a revelation to the talent available in these fields. It is stated that these speakers are ready to come for their expenses only.



"We think of you, we love you, we miss you, Annie Howe." Three old associates of Miss Howe, retired "Mother" of kindergartens in Japan, pose for their friend, Mr. Okamura taking the picture.

Left to right: Wakayama San, Ogita San, Miyake San

Gleanings

Encouraging the Moderator

"If Roger Babson is concerned about the birth rate among us let him come to B. For the time being this has shattered our church attendance seriously. So many are increasing the population, that most of the rest have to stay away from services to help in their housework. I am ashamed to mention how few we had at services on Sunday. Lest you may think that I am creating an alibi, I will give the names of those interested in this prolific multiplication process. There are Ns, Hs, Gs, Rs, Mcs, Gs (two families); so, if we wait long enough we will have a strong church organization, providing natural drought does not create a complete exodus from this desert-looking country."—*A home missionary pastor in South Dakota.*

The Negro's Crime Record

"The Negro furnishes half the crime of Richmond. Why? Is it race inferiority? Inherited depravity? Those who have delved most deeply into the subject say No. They say that crime is not a color but a condition. Any color under certain conditions will produce criminals. It is hard for an individual or race to rise higher than the place society gives it. The Negro is looked upon as a social outcast—an untouchable, who must think of himself as unfit to show his face except as a menial wherever members of the dominant group show up, unless there are lines, fences and galleries of separation. Many commit anti-social acts because they hold cheap self-respect and stop striving. Good and bad are found among all races. The Negro was brought to these shores for one purpose only—to work. For nearly three hundred years he did it all. But for some reason the city now does not give him the opportunity to participate in the activity which is most effective in creating in him self-respect—that is work. The Negro is the true Southern gentleman today in Richmond for he has nothing to do. His garbage is hauled away by white men—his trash also—white policemen watch over him while he sleeps at night—house on fire, white men risk their lives to put it out for him—white chemist keeps his water pure—sick? white city physician and nurse rush to his bedside. If he decides to marry—white clerks are there to fix him up—a Southern gentleman for true. Not being permitted to work does not lessen his needs, and these he will supply either by fair or foul means. A third of the city's population and not a civic job given to any one of the 55,000 people. Well, what do you think? A condition like this makes for crime."

—From a public address by Joseph

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T. Hill, pastor of the First Baptist church of Richmond, Virginia.

Where Miles Mount

"Just heard over the radio that President Roosevelt averaged about a thousand miles a month since June in all his travels. The one making this announcement seemed to think it was a rather high average of miles traveled. No doubt it is, but I couldn't help thinking about the distance. I have traveled since the first Sunday in April while carrying on my parish work. The total distance has been 10,500 miles in six months, or, nearly 2,000 miles a month."

"That may seem like a lot of traveling but still my conscience tells me that it hasn't been adequate to meet the needs of this parish. Lack of funds makes it necessary for me to drive as little as possible. I average about 700 miles a month for just my Sunday services alone. Mileage on the car runs up during the summer while teaching D.V.B.S.'s in the various communities, taking Boy Scouts on camping trips, taking young people to summer assembly and arranging for D.V.B.S.'s for the summer student, and a dozen other such things. All this requires considerable traveling since I have a territory covering three thousand square miles and ten different communities in which to work."—From Gale Anderson of Ekalaka, Mont.

It Wore Out

"Our old model T Ford 'Service Car' furnished me ten years ago by the Home Missionary Society has

served us well and long. It was a good friend and servant and companion on many a preaching and visitation mission. But it became too expensive and uncertain a proposition—especially for winter use, being an open car. So I had to divorce Lizzy, and am now wedded to my new companion—Plymouth. It may prove a hazardous venture, as many divorce proceedings are, especially since we have to pay alimony to the tune of \$25.20 per month for the next two years. That of course is a tremendous strain on my slender salary and an obligation we have often said we never would shoulder. But it came to the point where there was no choice. It was either neglect the work or assume the financial responsibility. All will go well if I keep well."—N. E. Hannant of Hardin, Montana.

Black and White Are Alike

Edwin R. Embree, president of the Julius S. Rosenwald Fund in discussion of "Education for Rural Life," says: "Negro schools and colleges are indistinguishable from white institutions in general scope, curriculum, and aims, though they are too often easily marked by lower standards, poorer equipment, and much less financial support. All Southern rural education is in need of revision, since whites and Negroes should prepare themselves for making a living and for a satisfying life on the farm and in rural areas generally."

He criticizes the agricultural colleges for failing to turn out graduates who devote themselves to the

practice of farming. Indeed, in 1934 he found that of the 4,636 college students enrolled in seventeen Negro land-grant-colleges "only 543 or 11.6 per cent were studying agriculture... few students who take the agricultural courses ever return to farming."

He lays special stress upon the importance of reading and arithmetic as tools for future learning. He emphasizes also manual dexterity and health. President Embree wisely pleads for the mastery of a few basic subjects rather than the smattering knowledge of many school subjects, especially at the elementary level.

Personals

Robert E. Lewis of Long Island, New York, lifelong, devoted friend of China, well known Y.M.C.A. worker, father of missionaries and corporate member of the American Board, has received from the Chinese government the "Decoration of the Glorious Jade for Meritorious Service."

In this well-deserved honor bestowed upon "Monsieur le Dr. Robert E. Lewis" the entire missionary force of our Fellowship can well rejoice. It is one more evidence of the way a world Christian tends to identify himself with the people of his "field."

Dr. W. Frederick Bohn, assistant to the President of Oberlin College, received in November through the State Department at Washington a decoration conferred by the Nationalistic Government of China, the formal citation being: "Rosette rouge aux bordures bleu blanc de l'Ordre du Jade." The cable notification from Dr. H. H. Kung, Chinese Minister of Finance and Oberlin graduate, read: "In recognition of your valuable services to China and your efforts in promoting Sino-American friendship." Dr. Bohn has been for years chairman

of the Board of Trustees of the Shansi Memorial Association that conducts the schools in Taiku, China; is a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, and is chairman of the Missions Council.

Flora K. Heebner of Taiku, China, where, during the absence on furlough of Rev. and Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Hemingway, she has been carrying the full program of the evangelistic work, arrived in America in November. She is



Prof. and Mrs. Arthur E. Holt of Chicago Seminary pose with Principal Margaret Walbridge (left) of Inanda Seminary in South Africa—October 11, 1936

an Oberlin alumna. **Josephine Horn**, teacher in the middle school of Fenchow, and an alumna of Carleton College, arrived the same month. So did Rev. **Henry C. McDowell**, founder of the work at Galangue, West Africa and supervisor of the schools and churches in that area. He was graduated from Talladega College, Alabama, and so was Mrs. **Bessie Fonvielle McDowell**. Rev. and Mrs. **Carl Phelps** of India also arrived. Mr. Phelps taught at Jaffna College in Ceylon 1921-1932, in the latter year becoming principal of the High Clerc School at Kodaikanal. He was at Wesleyan University for

two years; graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1919. Mrs. **Mary Moulton Phelps** attended the New Hampshire Literary Institute and the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, and was originally appointed to Africa.

Dr. Fred Field Goodsell, Executive Vice-President of the American Board, has been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Near East Foundation, succeeding Dr. **James L. Barton**.

President Ching-Jun Lin of Fuchien University, Foochow, China, has received the degree of Litt.D. from Wesleyan University.

Miss Caroline Frost of Adams College was specially honored at a meeting called by Principal **Edgar Brookes** for the purpose of organizing an Adams Alumni Association. Prominent alumni asked for some time in the program to be devoted to this. Mrs. **Makanya**, one of her very earliest pupils, "fired the opening gun." Chief **Luthuli** read and presented an illuminated address. Mrs. **Hamilton Makanya** presented a wrist watch in behalf of the old students. Among many other tributes Rev. **Sivetye's** was most poetic. Indicating the great bowl of calla lilies that Miss Frost had, as usual, placed in the church, he stated that one thing he had carried away from his student days was that Miss Frost, by her constant care that there be flowers in the church on Sundays, had taught him that the church of God should be beautiful, so that he had always tried to plant flowers that whatever church he served should be made beautiful.

Mr. Harold Pence, formerly under the American Board at Gaziantep, Turkey, is teaching Farm Mechanics this year in a high school at Covelo, California, hoping to work into regular agricultural teaching later on.

Pastor Liao Ching Sung has made good use of his time at Kienning since his return from Lichuan. A neighboring and larger village than his own, which is Christian, is ready to throw in its lot with the Christians. He has persuaded the local authorities to open the closed mission hospital; local people have taken over its support and direction and have called a Christian doctor and nurse, Pastor Liao continuing as superintendent.

Rev. and Mrs. George C. Lockwood, formerly missionaries of the American Board in Micronesia, are in Oahu, T. H., where Mr. Lockwood is agent of the Windward Oahu Community Association in which young people's groups, Protestant churches, the Catholic Mission, playground associations, University Public Health cooperate.

In Memoriam

Emily Maynard

Miss Emily Maynard was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and received her education at the University of Wisconsin. She was secretary to Professor Richard T. Ely in 1906 and had charge of his library of some 3,000 books. While at college she specialized in economics and literature. Her business and educational experience included positions as secretary to the auditor of Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company from 1910 to 1918, secretary to an investment house now out of business, and

for a short time secretary to the President of Bryn Mawr College. Her interest in church and social service work led her eventually to seek a position with the American Missionary Association and in October, 1932, she was appointed secretary to President Austin of Straight College, whom she served in a splendid way until the merging of the college into Dillard in 1934. Miss Maynard left a tradition of loyalty, courage, fortitude and wholesome kindness.

Charles Stanley Vaughan

"Mr. Vaughan knew the Bible," writes his missionary associate, Rev. Raymond Dudley of Tirumangalam, India. "He read it in at least three languages. From it he gained help and guidance for himself and was in a position to be helpful to the rest of us. In our deliberative gatherings in Madura he would listen long in silence to conflicting views and plans, then would suggest a solution which conserved in an unusual degree the various interests involved and frequently revealed more clearly the spiritual bearings of the problem. Probably

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he knew more about the families of the 35,000 Christians of the Madura churches than any other missionary. I was once in his home talking business with him. He had no children of his own, but several little Indian children were there. My business was permitted to wait while he spoke in a kindly way to the little lame child who came to his knee with tiny problems."

Mr. Vaughan wrote from America on November 25 a letter to the "dear pastors and fellow workers in the Indian church." From this a paragraph or two follow.

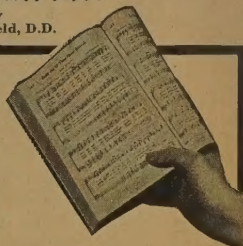
"In the year 1895, after less than a year and a half in India, I was appointed to the charge of the Batlagundu Station under Dr. Tracy's supervision. Within a few days of our arrival in Batlagundu, Dr. Tracy came, handed me a package of papers, said he had told the Treasurer to place the Batlagundu funds at my disposal, and then said: 'If you want any help, ask me; otherwise go ahead and do as you like.' Thus, almost entirely inexperienced, I was thrust into this work, but I was exceedingly fortunate in having the Rev. Samuel Joseph as the Headmaster of our Boarding School, and some other good workers upon whom I could fully rely."

After giving an account of an illness that year when he felt sure he would die, but from which he recovered under the care of Dr. Harriet Parker, then newly arrived in India, he wrote: "How grateful I am to God for the intervening years—nearly forty—which have been filled with rich opportunities, great privilege, and precious friendships. And thus we come to the year of our Lord 1932, another year of crisis in my work. . . .

"I became conscious that I was ultimately doomed to a painful and lingering death . . . At first the shock was very great; but gradually, in connection with my devotions and the study of God's word, I was convinced beyond any doubt that, as in 1895, so in 1933 God's choice for me was wisest and best . . . a God of love would cause no unnecessary or useless suffering . . . I came upon Paul's prayer regarding his 'thorn in the flesh.' Whatever this was, we are warranted in saying that it was painful and that it interfered with the plans he had

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made for his work. His prayer was unanswered, but to our amazement we find him rejoicing *in the very thing* that he had asked to be removed. He had, in that short experience, learned that God's plans were better than his own... From that day on I have had no doubt but that God's way with me was better than any I had or could make for myself. This confidence has taken the disappointment and the bitterness out of my experience, and has enabled me to enjoy each day as it came in spite of such limitations and the discomforts it has brought. I am writing this to you as a testimony; for each one of you will be called sooner or later to a similar disappointment and wrecking of plans. We must all go down through the valley of the shadow and it is only the way of approach that is in question... The great joy of such a vision of God as was granted me is that it is available for each one of His children, and covers all the concerns of life and work. Beloved, I covet for each one of you the same assurance... 'He doeth all things well.'

Mr. Vaughan was born in Canada, graduated from McGill University and Wesleyan Theological College, married Ella Rhodes in 1893 and the two were appointed to India and served in Madura, Batlagundu, Calicut and Manamadura. Mrs. Vaughan died at Manamadura in 1922; in 1924 Mr. Vaughan married Dr. Harriet Parker of Madura. In 1934 they came to America to retire, and on November 28 Mr. Vaughan died at his home in Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

The Chronicle

APPOINTMENTS

Miss Eleanor DeRemer of Andover, New York, for a three year term as teacher in the American Girls' School, Merzifon, Near East Mission, Oct. 28.

Miss Isabel Hemingway of Taiku, North China, to the North China Mission, November 10.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul M. Casson of Towson, Maryland, to the Marathi Mission, November 10.

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

Mr. Edgar M. Flint of the Madura Mission, beginning early in 1937.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry C. McDowell of the West Central Africa Mission.

* * *

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

Miss Eleanor DeRemer from New York, November 14, joining the Near East Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Loy L. Long from New York, November 14, returning to the Marathi Mission.

Rev. Frank J. Rawlinson, from Vancouver, December 2, returning to the North China Mission.

Mrs. Henry J. Bennett and Mrs. Edward S. Cobb from Seattle, December 4, returning to the Japan Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank T. Meacham from New York, December 4, returning to the East Africa Mission.

* * *

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Miss Lucy B. Lanktree in Foochow, China, September 7, returning to the Foochow Mission.

Miss Olive Greene in Izmir, Turkey, September 26, returning to the Near East Mission.

Mr. J. Harvey Renfrew in Tarsus, Turkey, in November, joining the staff of the American College.

* * *

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. William W. Wallace of Madura, South India, in Boston, November 9.

Rev. Ernest W. Riggs of Anatolia College, Saloniki, Greece, in New York, November 14.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry C. McDowell of Galangue, West Central Africa, in New York, November 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. Phelps of the High Clerc School, Kodaikanal, South India, in New York, Nov. 23.

* * *

DEATHS

Miss Emily Maynard, secretary to the president of LeMoyné College, at Memphis, Tennessee, October 31.

Rev. Charles Stanley Vaughan, member of the Madura Mission, India, 1893-1935, at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, November 28, 1936.

Rev. John Bicknell, member Ceylon Mission since 1915, in Ceylon, Dec. 17.

Mrs. Wilson F. Dodd, member of Near East Mission since 1922, in Turkey, December 17.

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